24-10-62

NUGGETS

OF GOLD

FOR

TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGNS.

BY

JOHN M. WHYTE.

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, WESLEY BUILDINGS.

MONTREAL: C. W. COATES. HALIFAX: S. F. HUESTIS.

PREFACE.

"NUGGETS OF GOLD" have been listened to by most enthusiastic crowds in our largest cities. They have been through the fires of public temperance opinion, and have proved to be real Nuggets of Gold, suitable not only for temperance meetings, but also for entertainments and devotional exercises. They will require study and rehearsal to bring out the soul that I have tried to put in them; not as ditties, easily sung and as easily forgotten, but firm and lasting, and bright and pure as gold.

May God bless them for good wherever and by whomsoever they are sung.

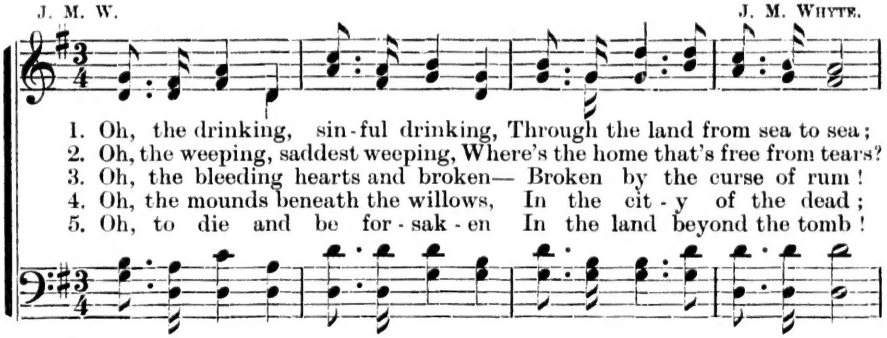
JOHN M. WHYTE.

Persons or churches or societies desiring the services of John M. Whyte, or of John and Judson, duet, with harp and guitar accompaniment, should address: John M. Whyte, 79 Langley Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

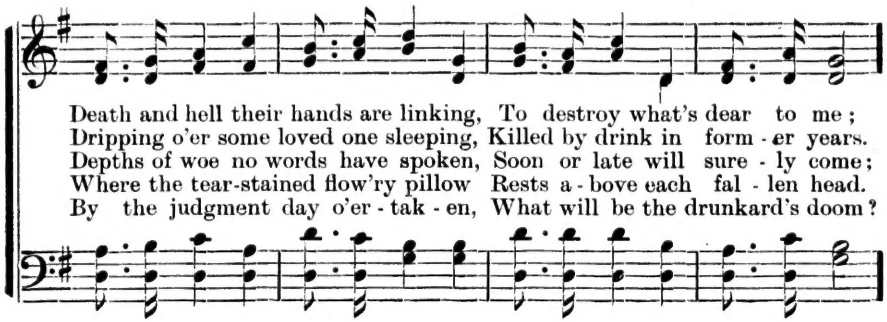
Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, by JOHN MARCHANT WHYTE, at the Department of Agriculture.

OH, THE DRINKING!

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

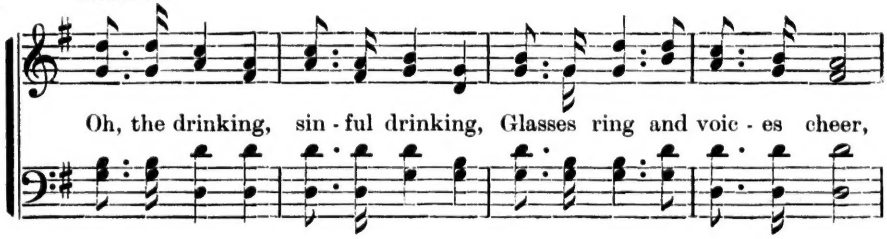


1. Oh, the drinking, sin-ful drinking, Through the land from sea to sea;
2. Oh, the weeping, saddest weeping, Where's the home that's free from tears?
3. Oh, the bleeding hearts and broken— Broken by the curse of rum!
4. Oh, the mounds beneath the willows, In the cit-y of the dead;
5. Oh, to die and be for-sak-en In the land beyond the tomb!

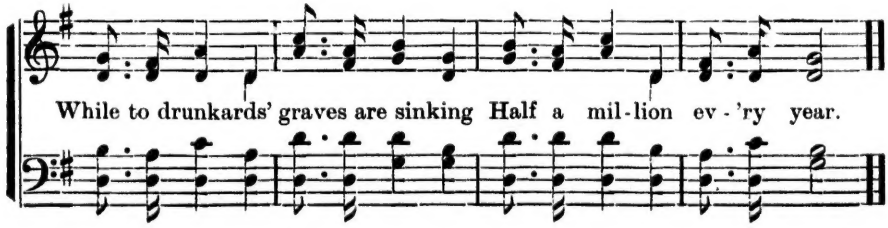


Death and hell their hands are linking, To destroy what's dear to me;
Dripping o'er some loved one sleeping, Killed by drink in form-er years.
Depths of woe no words have spoken, Soon or late will sure-ly come;
Where the tear-stained flow'ry pillow Rests a-bove each fal-len head.
By the judgment day o'er-tak-en, What will be the drunkard's doom?

CHORUS.



Oh, the drinking, sin-ful drinking, Glasses ring and voic-es cheer,



While to drunkards' graves are sinking Half a mil-lion ev-'ry year.

MAKE WAY FOR THE CHILDREN.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. Oh, Can - a - da, wake! for thy children's dear sake; Oh, do you not hear their sad cries? 'Tis sin - ful to sleep while the lit - tle ones weep!
2. No slaves ev - er trod on Fair Can - a - da's sod, One touch of her hand made them free; But mothers must cry while their lit - tle ones die, can - not de - spise; They'll banish the cup, the saloons they'll close up; ev - er they roam; Let no curse of rum to their doors ev - er come,
3. The boys of our land by their moth-er will stand, Her counsel they rights would have soon, For men would be sent down to each gov-ern-ment
4. Make way, yes make way for the children to play, In safe - ty wher-
5. If Christians would pray and then vote the same way, The children their

CHORUS.

Oh, Can - a - da, quickly a - rise.
Be - cause of rum's dark slav-er - y.
"Make way for my children," she cries. Make way for the children, make way; Ye Christian men vote as you pray; Saloons must go out, there is not the least doubt, The children would vote it that way.
Make way for the children at home.
Whose votes would close up the saloon.

LOOK UNTO HIM.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. All glo - ry to him who died on the tree,
2. My heart was o'erwhelmed with sin and de - spair,
3. He laid his kind hand up - on my dead heart,
4. I wish the whole world, so sunk - en in woe,

He paid the great price for my soul; He poured out his
I looked not to Je - sus in vain; I fell at his
And death with him yield - ed the strife; What-ev - er may
Would look un - to him who saved me; If on - ly man-

love on Cal - v'ry for me, I am thro' his suff'rings made whole.
feet and cried to him there, Oh, save me for whom thou wast slain.
come, I'll nev - er de - part From him who hath giv - en me life.
kind their Sav-iour would know, This world would be hap - py and free.

CHORUS.

1st. { Oh, look un - to him, look to him who was slain;
{ Oh, look un - to Jesus,

2nd. { For no one shall look un - to Je - sus in vain,
{ None look un - to Jesus,

1st *2nd*

Ye na - tions look and live. But shall life e - ter - nal receive.

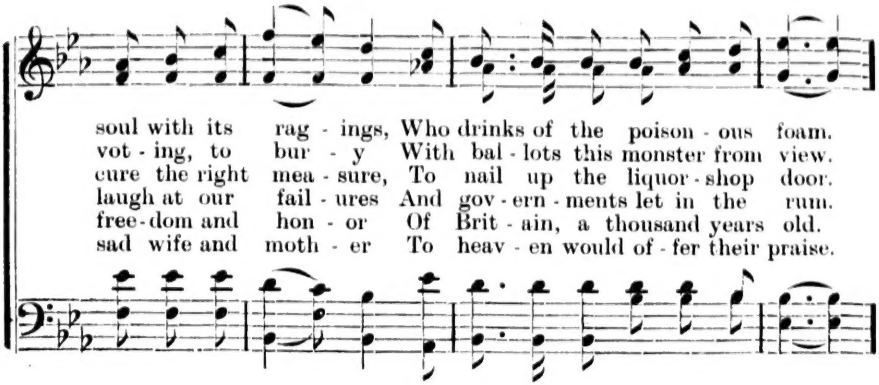
DOWN WITH THE TRAFFIC.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

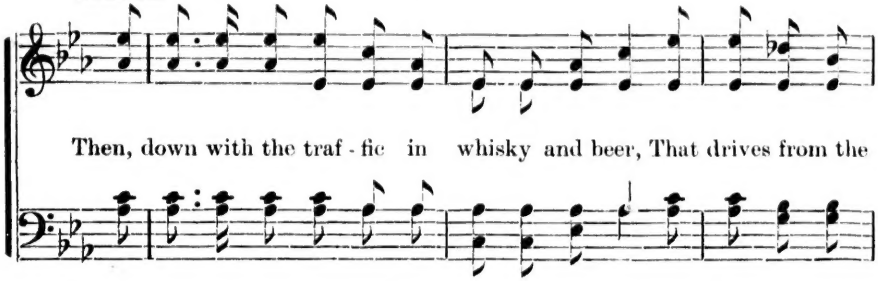
1. Ye peo - ple of Can - a - da lis - ten, I've something I want you to hear; There's trouble in store for our na - tion, Be-
2. The churches have passed res - o - lu - tions, In sol - id con- ven - tions each year, To stamp out the drinking of whisky And
3. One ple - bi - scite vote has been tak - en, We vot - ed, we trust not in vain; And yet, notwithstanding the verdict, It
4. With all temp'rance peo - ple u - nit - ed, Our Gov-ern-ment lead - ers, no doubt, With most earn - est con - sid - er - - - tion, Might
5. I'm one stripe of pol - i - tics, broth - er, And your stripe is different, no doubt; And yet, if we'd cross them to - g th - er, A
6. If Lau - ri - er, Mow - at and Hard - y, And Fos - ter and Tupper'd u - nite, To lead on against this de - stroy - er We'd

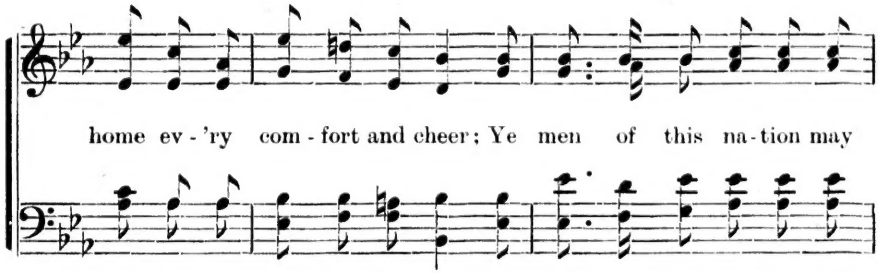
cause of this whisky and beer. It hinders our mor - al ad- vancement, It men - ac - es ev - er - y home, It fills ev - 'ry
wipe out the traf - fic in beer. We do not want *less res - o - lu - tions*, But *more res - o - lu - tion* to do; And if it's by
seems we're to try it a - gain. So let us be read - y and wait - ing, To vote just the same as be - fore; Un - til we se-
turn all sa - loon - keep-ers out. But when we de - vour one an- oth - er, A spec - ta - cle then we be - come, And whisky men
might - y big cross would show out: 'Twould cover this land like our ban - ner, With crosses in ev - er - y fold, That floats for the
fol - low them close in the fight. There's many a thing we'd for- give them, There's many a pray'r we would raise, There's many a

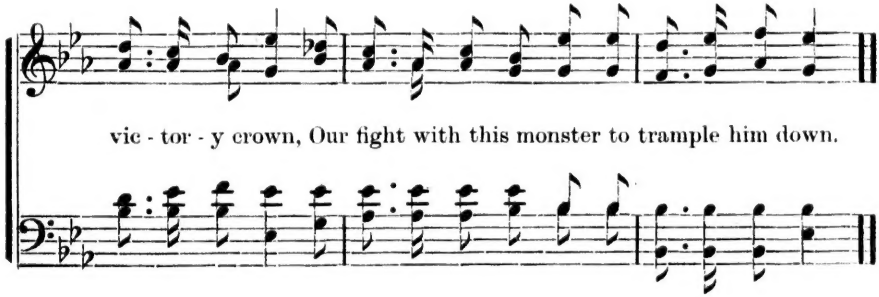
DOWN WITH THE TRAFFIC—*Continued.*



CHORUS.

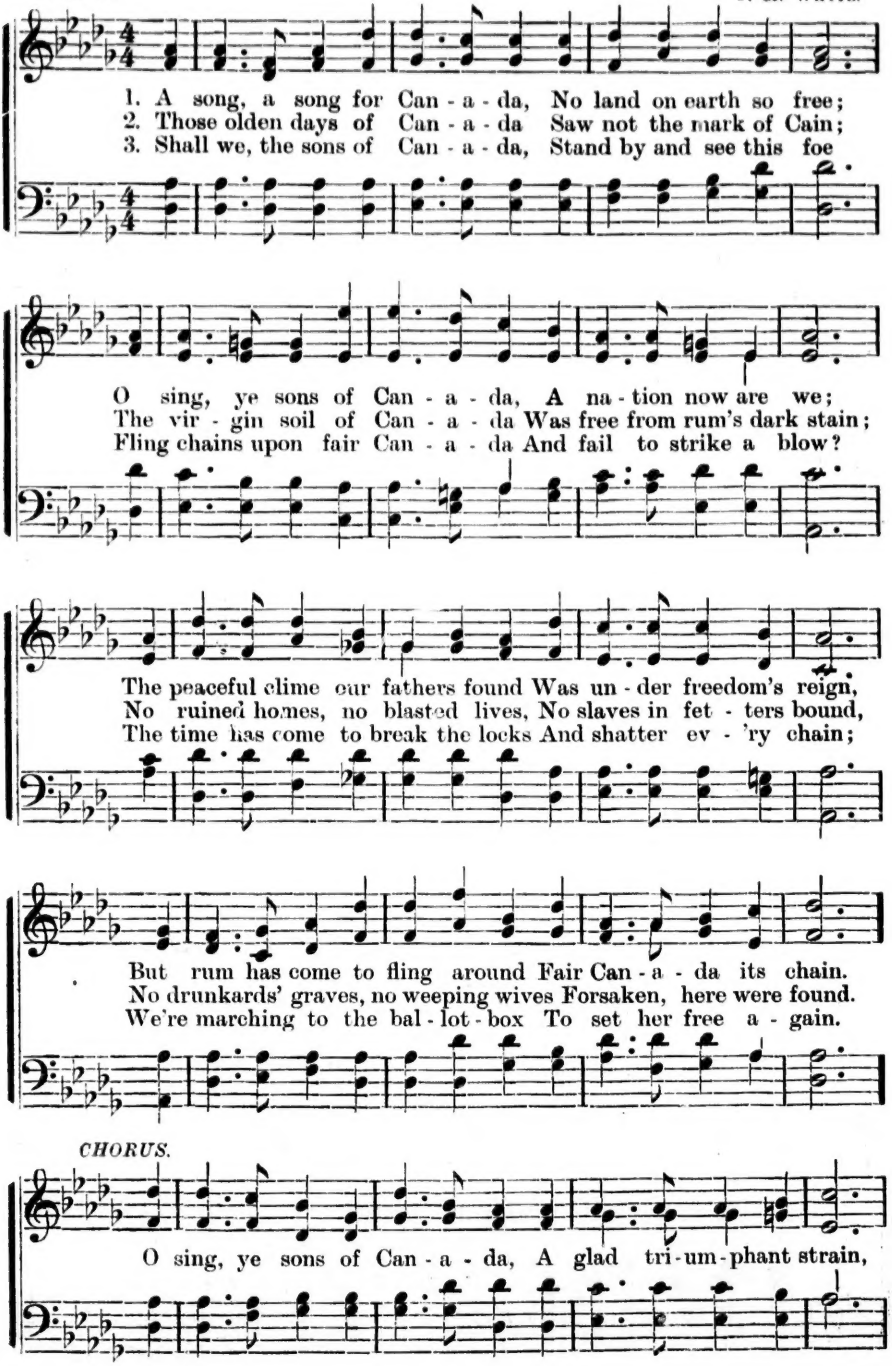




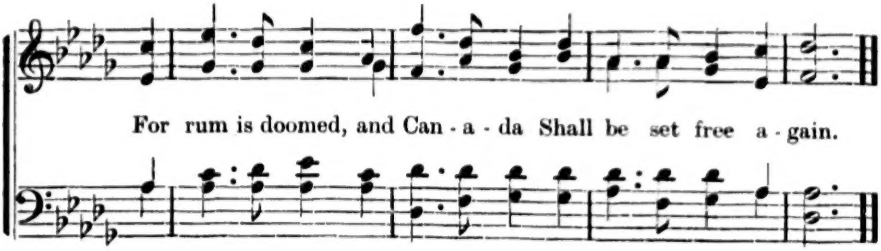


A SONG FOR CANADA.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

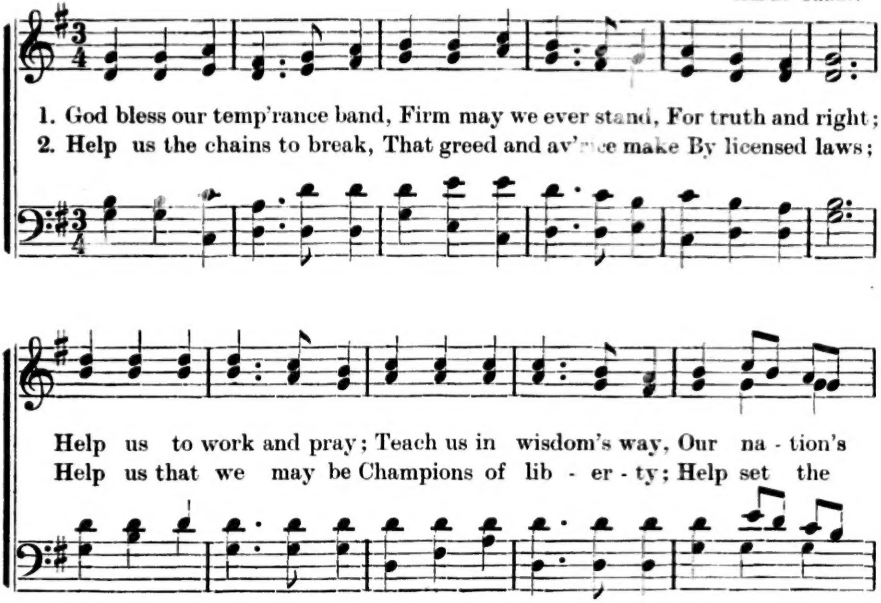


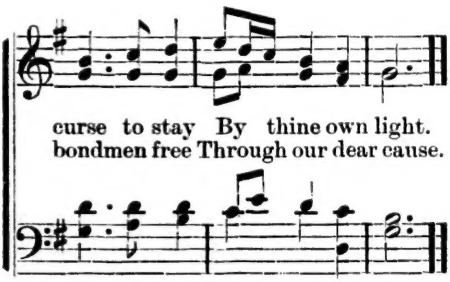
A SONG FOR CANADA—*Continued.*



6 OUR CAUSE.

HENRY CAREY.





1 God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen;
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen.

2 Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign;
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the Queen.

THE YEARS, THE YEARS.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. The years, the years drop from our life Like leaves drop from a tree;
2. We used to sing, "Turn back, O Time, Turn backward in your flight,
3. If we, as men, could here to - day Reach back and clasp a hand,
4. God help the boy that goes a - stray, For - sak - ing mother's knee,

All crisp and brown, the frost - y knife Of time clips cease - less - ly;
And make me once a - gain a child, A child just for to - night."
A mother's hand now turned to clay, And there be - fore her stand;
Who flings her sacred pray'rs a - way For in - fi - del - i - ty.

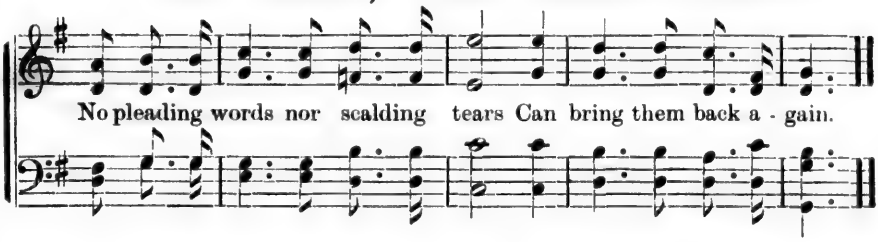
And looking back o'er past ca - reers, Our zig - zag footsteps make
I would not be a child a - gain, Ex - cept for in - no - cence;
We'd sure - ly tell her how her pray'rs Had al - ways gone be - fore,
The day of re - tri - bu - tion sore Comes on him soon or late;

A - long the path strewn by those years, Our hearts they well nigh break.
How lit - tle then I knew, how vain, How brief my pen - i - tence.
And saved us from a thousand snares That spread our pathway o'er.
The mighty God is at the door, His judgment may not wait.

CHORUS.

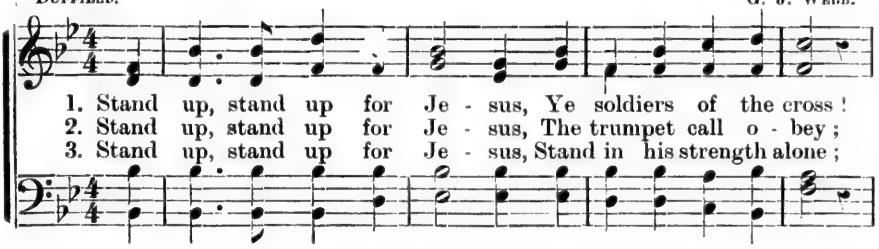
They're gone, they're gone, those precious years, So of - ten spent in vain;

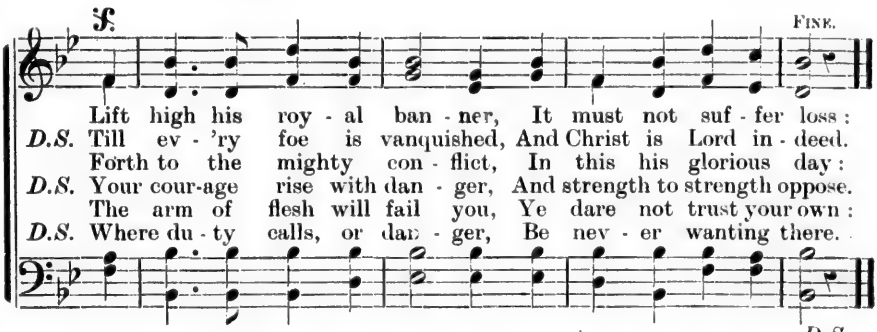
THE YEARS, THE YEARS—*Continued.*

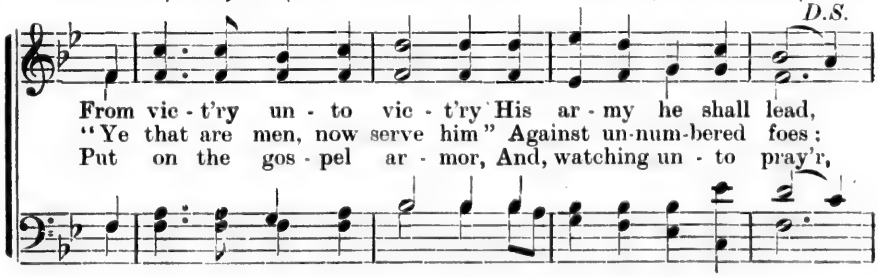


8 STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.







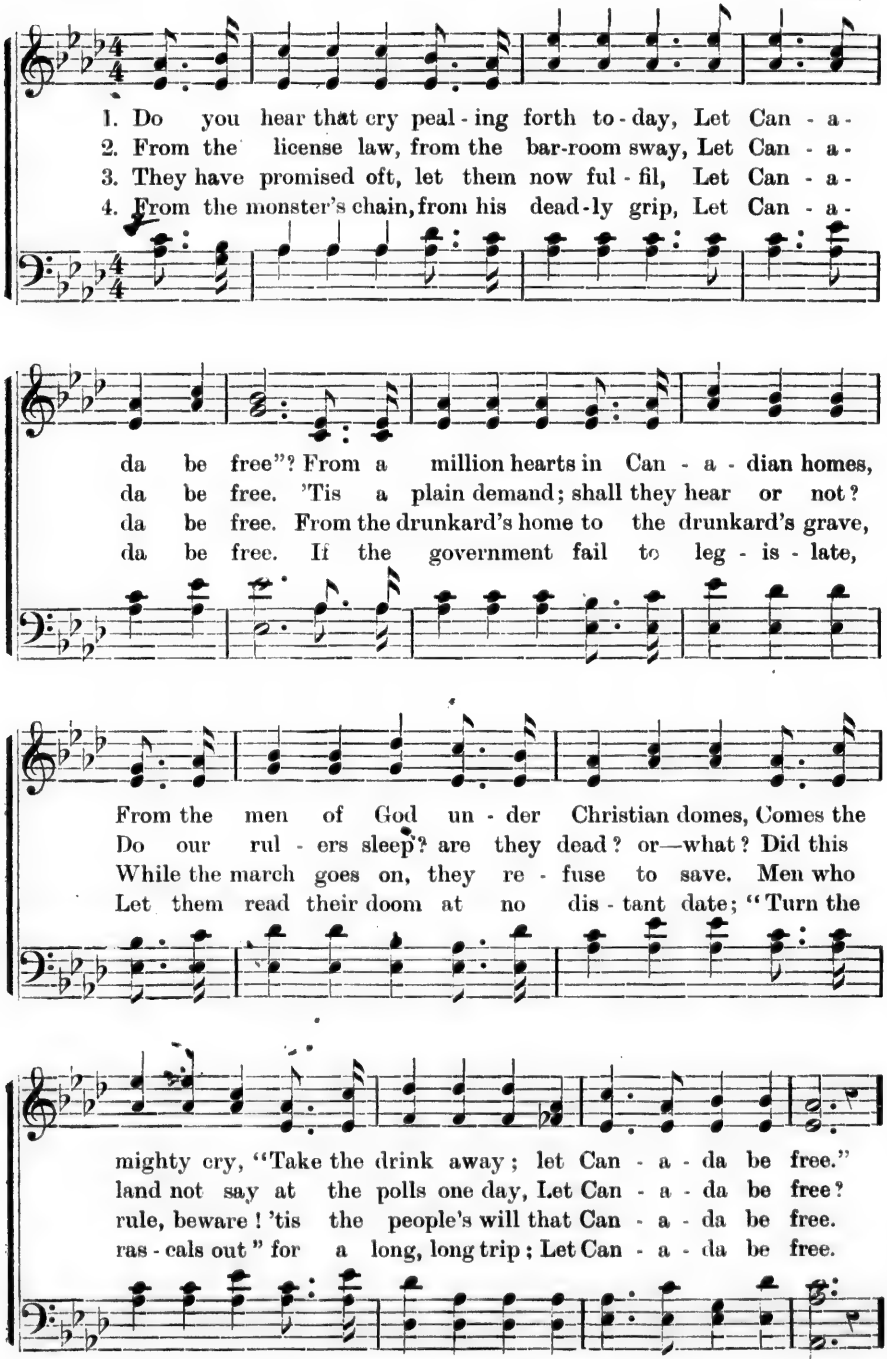
STAND UP, STAND UP FOR TEMPERANCE.

1 Stand up, stand up for Temperance,
Ye soldiers of our cause;
Lift high our royal banner,
Nor let it suffer loss.
From victory to victory
Our army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished
And all are free indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Temperance,
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose:
Forth to this mighty conflict —
Go in this glorious hour—
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

CANADA SHALL YET BE FREE.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.



CANADA SHALL YET BE FREE—*Continued.*

CHORUS.

Fairest Can - a - da shall yet be free, From this demon and his

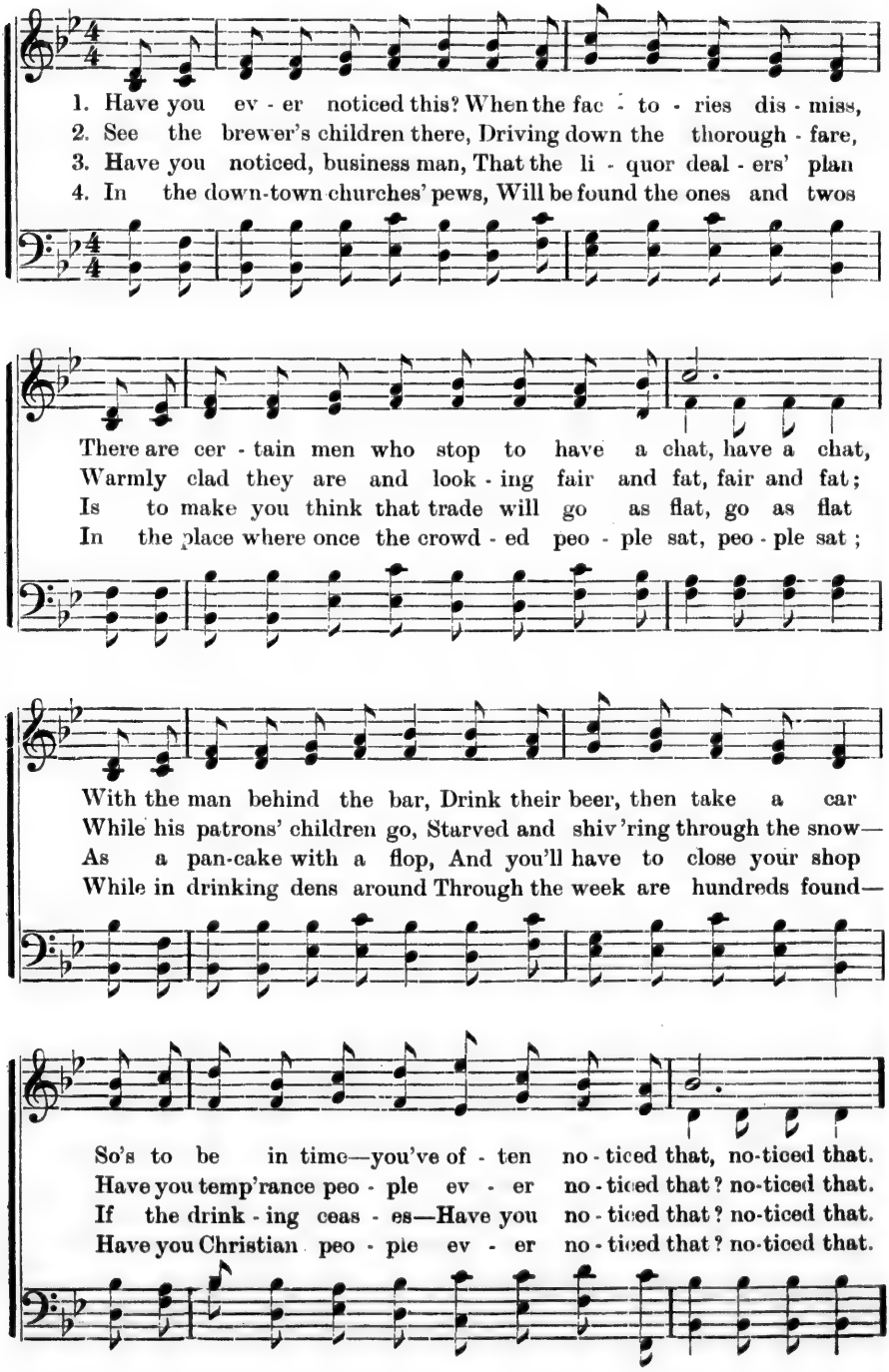
com - pa - ny; 'Tis the dawning, 'tis the daybreak, 'tis the
It comes, it comes, it

glo - ry of the morn - ing. It is coming,
comes, 'tis the morning. It is coming, It

O 'tis coming, fairest Can - a - da shall yet be free.
comes, it comes, and Can - a - da shall yet be free.

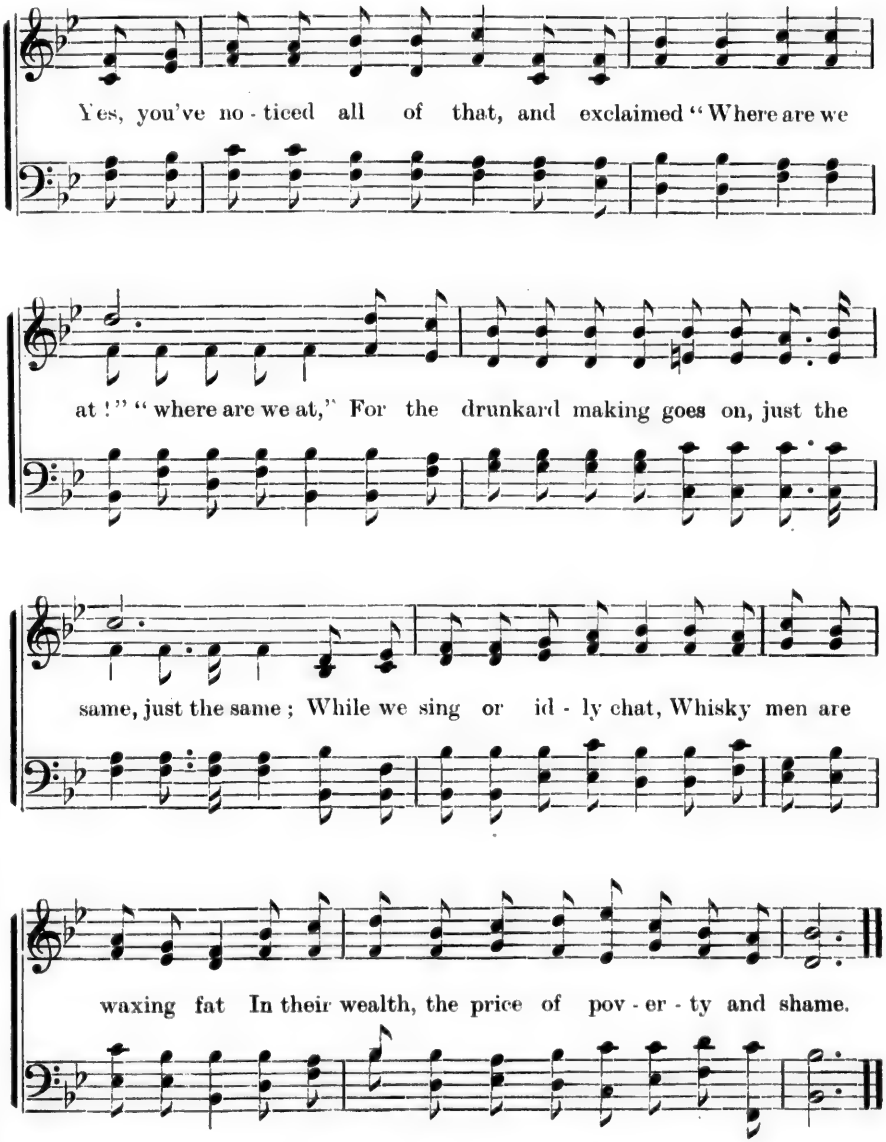
HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT?

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.



HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT?—*Continued.*

CHORUS.

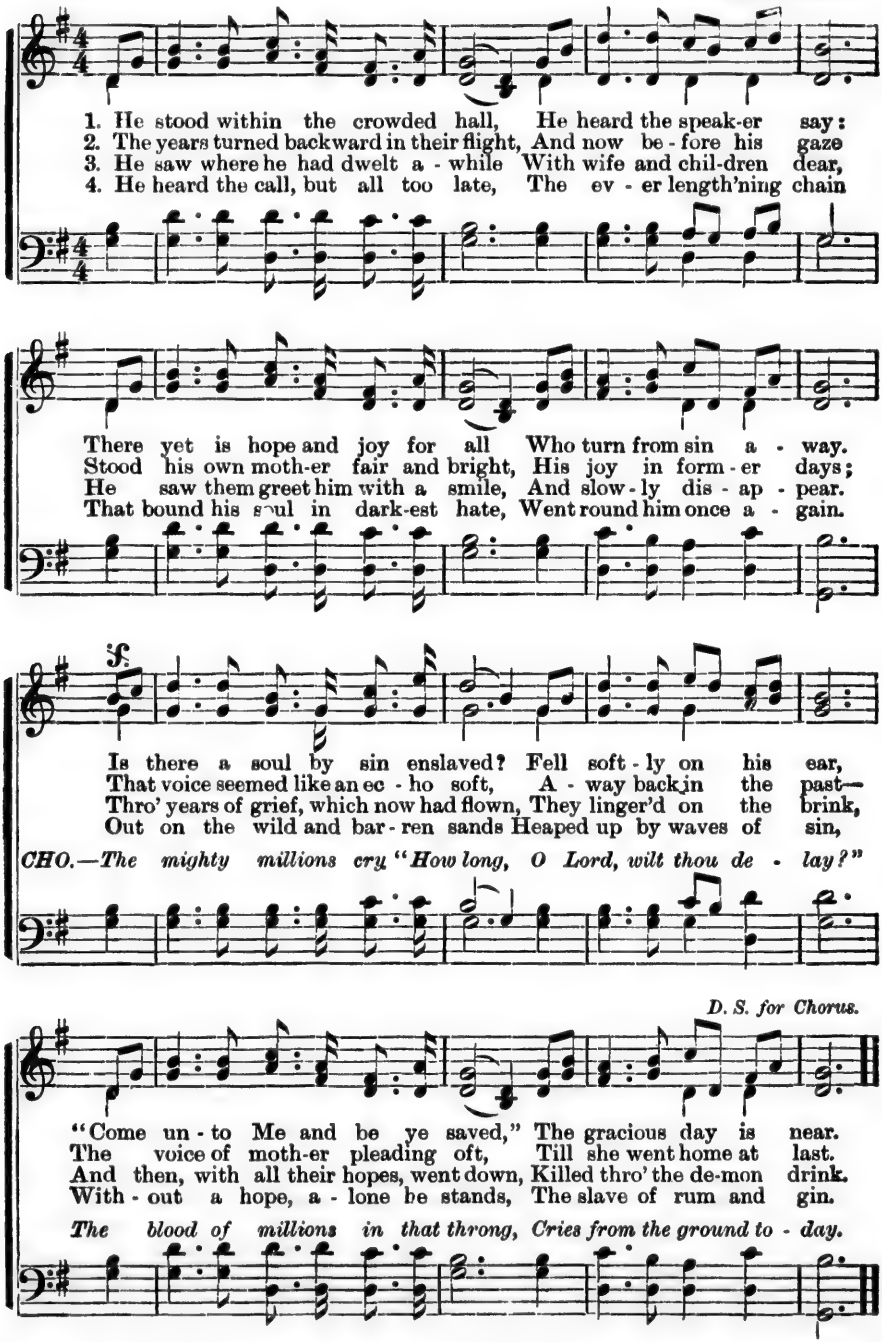


5. In one legislative mill,
To a noted temp'rance bill
Men were deaf as posts and blinder than the bats;
But they did one mighty thing,
Of its greatness let us sing,
In the theatre they lowered women's hats!!!

6. If the churches in their might
On this question would unite,
Down would go this monster whisky demon flat;
And the slaves of rum set free,
To the Lord would bow the knee—
Everybody in this land would notice that.

A SLAVE TO DRINK.

J. M. W. JOHN M. WHYTE.



"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them . . . . Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink."

—ISA. V: 11, 12.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN ONTARIO.

THE license report for the year 1897 was laid on the table of the Legislature yesterday. The financial aspect is first presented. The total revenue for the year 1896-97 was $608,067 14, as compared with $615,290 38 for the preceding year, a falling off of $7,223 24. After paying the expenses in connection with the administration of the law the Province received $270,906, and $263,330 was paid to the municipalities. The diminution in receipts was due to a reduction in the number of licenses. The total number issued, inclusive of those for six months and beer and wine licenses, was 3,160, as compared with 3,191 for 1896. In 1874 there were 6,185 ordinary licenses in force in the Province. Ten years later, in 1884, there were 4,201. In 1889, after the Scott Act period, there were 3,560. Since that date there has been a constant decrease up to the year just closed, when 3,096 ordinary licenses were issued, a decrease since 1889 of 464. In looking over the number of licenses issued in the municipalities throughout the Province the following facts appear: In all there are 812 municipalities. In 187, or 23 per cent., of these there are no licenses of any kind. In 261 municipalities, or 32 per cent., only one or not more than two licenses are issued. In 448, or 55 per cent., either no tavern license is issued or not more than two. In 673 municipalities, or 82 per cent., no shop licenses are issued.

Turning to the statement giving the commitments to jail for drunkenness during the past twenty years, a very striking record is found. In 1877 these commitments numbered 4,032; in 1897 they numbered only 1,716, showing what appears to be a moral revolution. Since the year 1889, when the commitments numbered 4,797, the decrease has been constant, the commitments last year being the lowest in number ever recorded. Looking at last year's figures we find this also: That outside the six counties containing the larger cities of Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Kingston, London and Brantford, in which there were 1,200 commitments, in all the other 43 counties and districts there were but 516 commitments, or an average for each of one only for each month in the year, which is a gratifyingly favorable exhibit, and one on which the Province has reason to congratulate itself.—*From Toronto Globe.*

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness."

—HAB. ii: 15.

"This our son . . . is a glutton and a drunkard, and all the men of the city shall stone him."

—DEUT. xxi: 20, 21.

"Be not deceived; neither fornicators, . . . nor drunkards . . . shall inherit the kingdom of God."

—I COR. vi: 9, 10.

FOR MEN WHO WANT EMPLOYMENT

Every $3,504 capital invested in—

Liquor business employs one man and pays a salary of about $474 a year.

Boot and shoe business employs over eight men and pays about the same salary as above.

Furniture business employs nearly five men and pays about the same salary as above.

Building business employs nearly ten men and pays about the same salary as above.

Brickmaking business employs nearly eight men and pays about the same salary as above.

Carpet weaving business employs over three men and pays about the same salary as above.

Cotton manufacturer's business employs over three men and pays about the same salary as above.

Woolen manufacturer's business employs over three men and pays about the same salary as above.

Baker manufacturer's business employs over four men and pays about the same salary as above.

That is, where one man is employed on a capital of $3,504 in the liquor business and gets a salary of about $474 a year,

Over five men can be employed on the same capital in legitimate business and get about the same salary each per year.

The yearly bill for cotton, woolen and worsted goods, sugar and molasses, is about	$1,000,000,000.
The yearly bill for liquor	1,200,000,000.
The yearly bill for bread	600,000,000.
The yearly bill for meat	400,000,000.
The yearly bill for iron and steel	300,000,000.
The yearly bill for public education	100,000,000.
The yearly bill for clergy and mission	20,000,000.

VOTE THE DRINKING OUT.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. See the temp'rance host advanc - ing, All a - long the line they cheer;
2. See the whisky ranks commencing To retreat in blank dismay:
3. Train your guns, ye temp'rance people, On their forts of murd'rous gain;
4. Rev - e - nues in murders year - ly Are to whisky drinking due;

Truth and right from shields are glancing, Lo! the vic - to - ry is near.
Back of rev - e - nue intrench-ing Is their on - ly hope to - day.
Ring the bells from ev - 'ry stee - ple, No more rev - e - nue from Cain.
All its gains we pay for dear - ly, Crime cuts down the rev - e - nue.

CHORUS.

Vote the demon drink out, Make it one com - plete
Vote, vote, vote the drink out, Vote, vote, vote the

rout, Vote the drinking out, brother, Vote the drinking out.
drink out.

WHO KILLED THIS MAN?

J. M. W. J. M. White

1. Who killed this man? was drink his foe? We found him dead out in the snow.
2. Who killed this man? whose is the sin? Ask him who keeps the bar within
3. Who killed this man? who first held up To that boy's lips the poisoned cup?

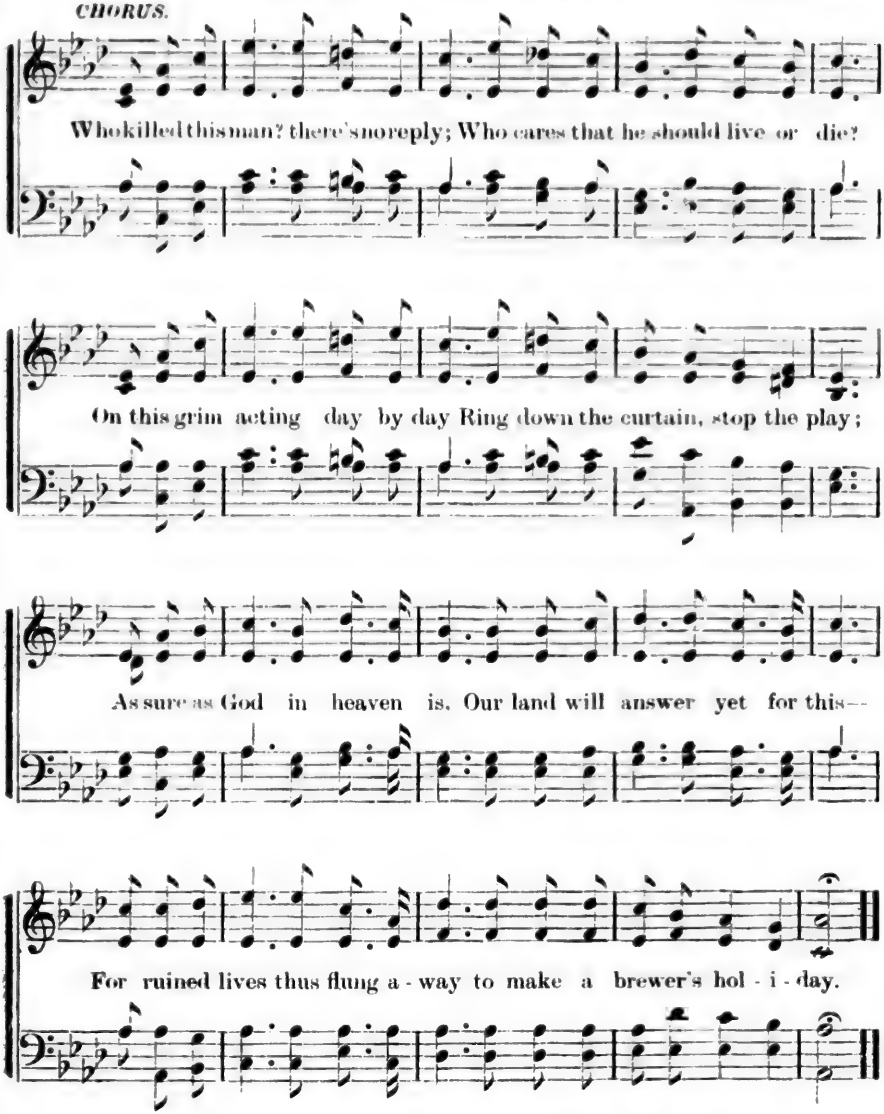
A transient man without a friend, A tramp who's reached his journey's end,
That vile saloon across the way, 'Twas there he drank as drunkard's may.
The cup that set his brain on fire, That filled his soul with base desire,

Some - body's darling, as they say, In childhood years, but gone astray.
But when he could not pay for more, They dragged him out and closed the door.
Till rushing on with awful pace, He passed his tempter in the race,

Who killed this man, still in his youth? Of this foul deed let's have the truth.
Who killed this man? some say they think This dead man here was killed by drink.
The vill - ian who has laid the plan To ru - in him—he killed this man.

WHO KILLED THIS MAN? *Continued.*

CHORUS.

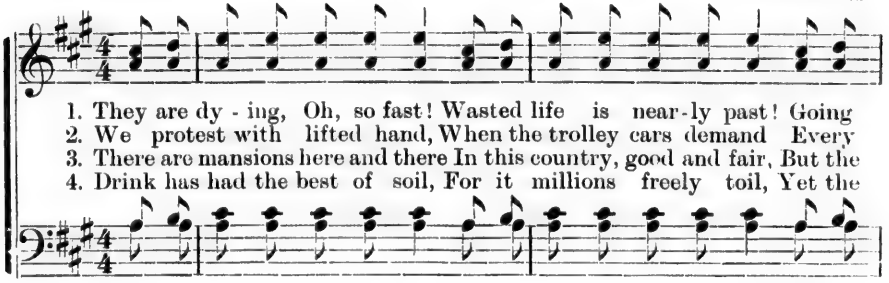


4 Who killed this man to whom were sung
Sweet lullabys when he was young?
Whose mother never dreamed her child
Would ever be by drink defiled;
To her dead boy she comes and kneels,
But who knows what that mother feels?
She clasps him in one long embrace
And rains her kisses on his face.

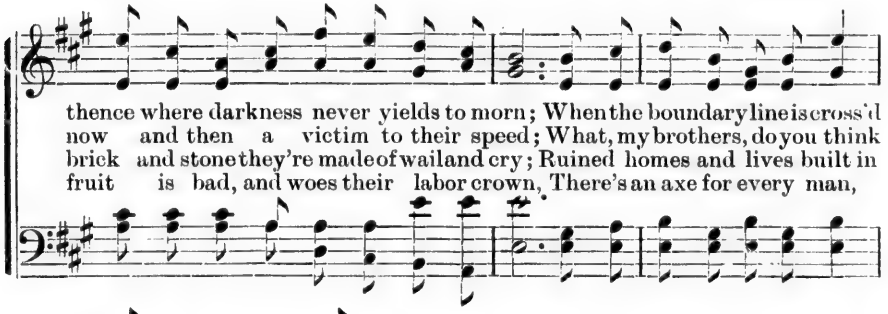
5 I ask again, who killed this man?
Ye people answer if you can;
Though seen upon the streets no more,
His ghost appears at every door,
While rum is made and bought and sold
To ruin people young and old;
Deny it every one who can,
You've licensed it to kill this man.

14 SAVE OUR CHILDREN OR THEY DIE.

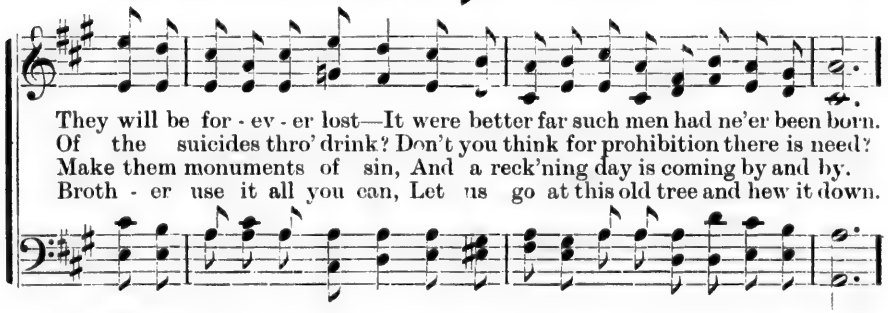
J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.



1. They are dy - ing, Oh, so fast! Wasted life is near-ly past! Going
2. We protest with lifted hand, When the trolley cars demand Every
3. There are mansions here and there In this country, good and fair, But the
4. Drink has had the best of soil, For it millions freely toil, Yet the

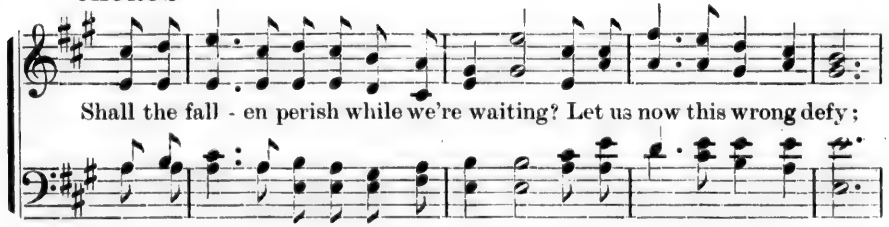


thence where darkness never yields to morn; When the boundary line is cross'd
now and then a victim to their speed; What, my brothers, do you think
brick and stone they're made of wail and cry; Ruined homes and lives built in
fruit is bad, and woes their labor crown, There's an axe for every man,

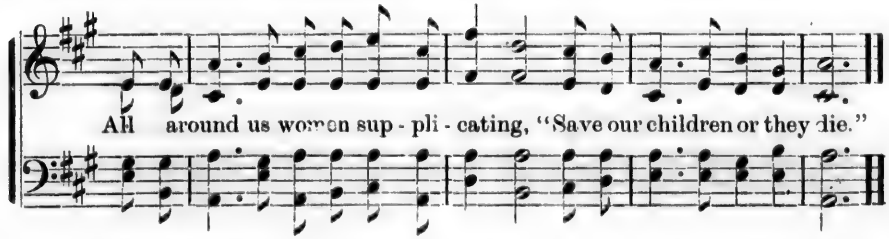


They will be for - ev - er lost—It were better far such men had ne'er been born.
Of the suicides thro' drink? Don't you think for prohibition there is need?
Make them monuments of sin, And a reck'ning day is coming by and by.
Broth - er use it all you can, Let us go at this old tree and hew it down.

CHORUS.



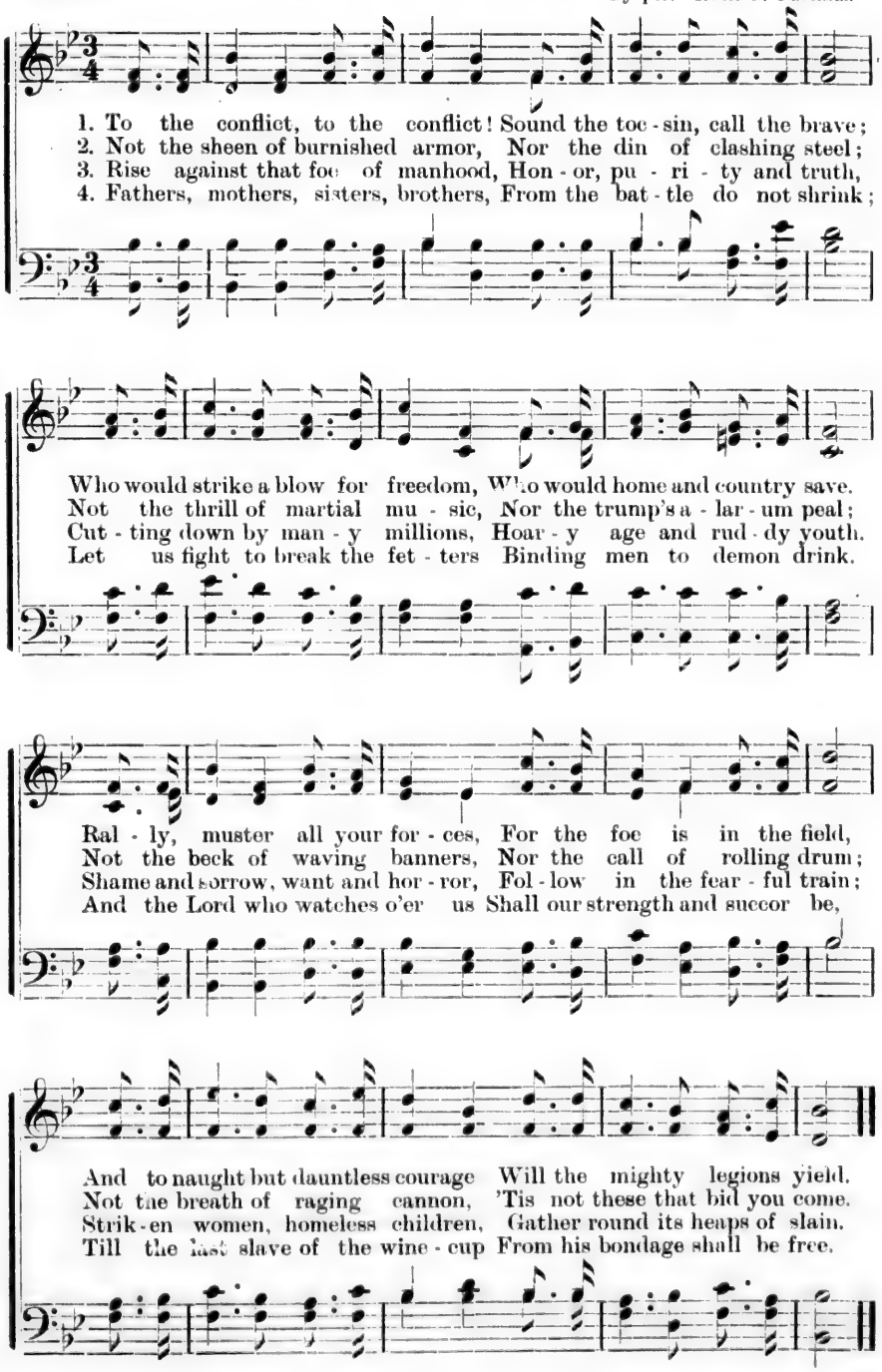
Shall the fall - en perish while we're waiting? Let us now this wrong defy;



All around us women sup - pli - cating, "Save our children or they die."

TO THE CONFLICT.

R. G. P. By per. RUTH G. PLUMMER



WILL HE NOT COME BACK?

J. M. W. *(Dedicated to Prof. W. O. Forsyth.)* J. M. Whyte.

1. Tho' down in the paths of dis - honor and shame, And bringing disgrace
2. Tho' dwelling at ease in a palace of state, Tho' feasted and sung
3. When stretched on a couch of be - wil - der - ing pain, He longed for the days
4. Tho' whitened his locks with the frost of the years, He'll nev - er for - get
5. Some day he will stand by a grass-covered mound, Where true-hearted moth-

on his mother's fair name, The moments will come in the midst of his glee,
in the halls of the great, A voice of the past calls away from the throng,
of his childhood a - gain, And mother to come from the heaven - ly land,
the soft plash of her tears That fell on his face as she rocked him to sleep,—
er lies un - der the ground, And gaze past the sun-set of jas-per and gold.

CHORUS.

When he will remember the prayer at her knee. Oh, hearts that are broken! oh,
His mother's sweet voice in a lul - la - by song.
To soothe him to rest with the touch of her hand.
Oh, hearts that are broken, oh, mothers that weep!
To catch but a glimpse of her face as of old.

mothers that weep! What billows of sorrow must over them sweep! O wandering

boy, far away from thy God, Come back to the path that thy mother hath trod.

The hymns on opposite page may be sung to this tune, using latter half of double stanzas on chorus.

17 CANADA THE GOOD.

1 They tell of a nation, a land of the Good,
With beautiful children and fair womanhood;
They sing of its noblemen, honest and true— [too.
Its elegant statesmen and governors,
They boast of its churches on many a street, [meet;
In many a city where worshippers
Yet there's a great wrong which must needs be withstood,
Before we succeed to the title of Good.

CHORUS.

O Canada, called by some people the Good, [should.
Awake to thy danger, and do as you
If thou wouldst no longer be misunderstood,
Then close up thy bar-rooms and practise the Good.

2 Thou art a fair country, an elegant land,
And yet thou hast stretched out thy delicate hand
To shelter the Monster that's wringing the blood
And tears from thy children, good land of the Good. [count,
That revenue plea never, never will
Thy hand must be washed in the penitent's fount;
Then hold it out free from suspicion of blood [them be good.
To rescue thy children and help

3 The record is darker as year after year
These pestilent dens by thy sanction are here;
Their powers of evil sweep on like a flood, [the Good.
To sink thee forever, thou land of
Before the wide world thou art surely no saint,
While drinking goes on with but little restraint;
And, how shall thy sons reach the noblest manhood
'Midst three thousand bars in a country so good?

4 I trust we'll remember the record of all [ment hall;
Who stand for the whisky in Parlia-
Their heads, when again at the polls they have stood,
We'll drop in the basket, because they're no good. [Truth.
O Canada, lead in the battle for
And strike to the death this Destroyer of youth.
My country, I love thee, no land ever stood
So nearly deserving the title of Good.

—J. M. WHYTE.

18 SOMEWHERE, AH! YES, SOMEWHERE.

1 Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, in anguish and tears,
A mother looks back o'er the flight of the years,
When bright as the morning, and pure as the dew, [grew.
The child of her love in his innocence
Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere fast hastening on, [has gone;
In ways that are sinful, her loved one
Her wandering boy going farther astray; [to-day.
Despising the prayers of his mother

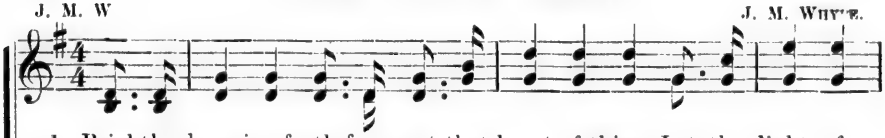
2 Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a pale mother stands,
And pleads with her boy, as she clasps her thin hands;
"Oh, go not, my boy, in the ways that are wrong,
Remember, I pray for you all the night long."
Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a mother in prayer,
Is crying to heaven her darling to spare:
"Oh, may my lost boy listen, Lord, to thy voice, [rejoice."
And o'er his return let my poor heart

3 Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a mother to-night,
Will pray for her boy till the dawn of the light;
Then fold her pale hands on her slow-heaving breast— [rest.
The morning will find her forever at
Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere out under the sod, [in God;
A mother lies sleeping who trusted
Oh, where is the boy that received her last kiss, [in bliss?
And promised his mother to meet her

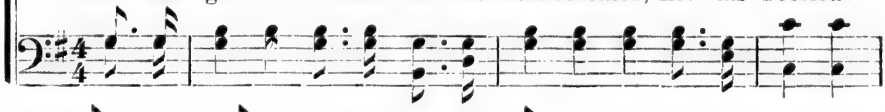
—J. M. WHYTE.

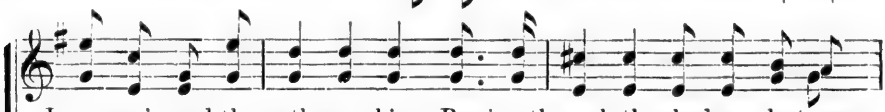
TRIM YOUR LAMP.

J. M. W J. M. WHITE.

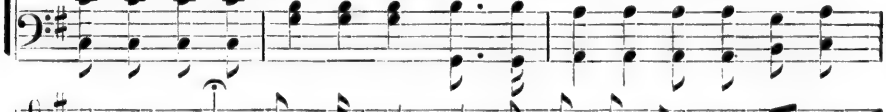


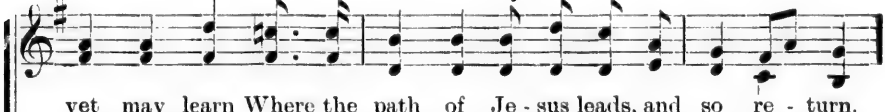
1. Brightly beaming forth from out that heart of thine, Let the light of
2. Down the way that seemeth right for man to go, Precious souls are
3. In the sad and lonely cit - y of the dead, There's a grass - y
4. In the broad, broad way, where darkest shadows frown, His un - wa - ry
5. Let the light of Je - sus from the cross revealed, Let his Precious



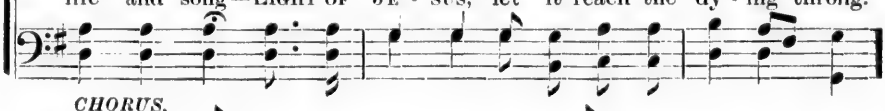


Je - sus 'round thy pathway shine; Peering through the shadows, lost ones
rush - ing on to death and woe; Flash the light, my brother, through the
mound with marble at its head—Sad the sto - ry, yet to tell it
feet were lured to wander down, Through the love of pleasure, in - to
Blood, which your redemption sealed, Be the theme, my brother, in your





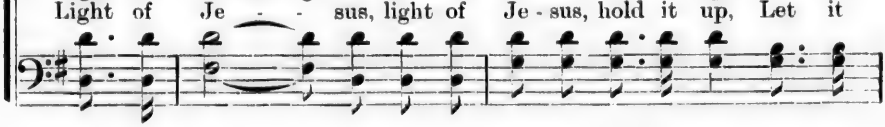
yet may learn Where the path of Je - sus leads, and so re - turn.
sha - dows deep, Till they see, that as they sow, thus shall they reap.
who shall dare? For a brok - en - hearted mother's boy lies there!
dark de - spair, Till his life went out—but God a - lone knows where.
life and song—LIGHT OF JE - SUS, let it reach the dy - ing throng.



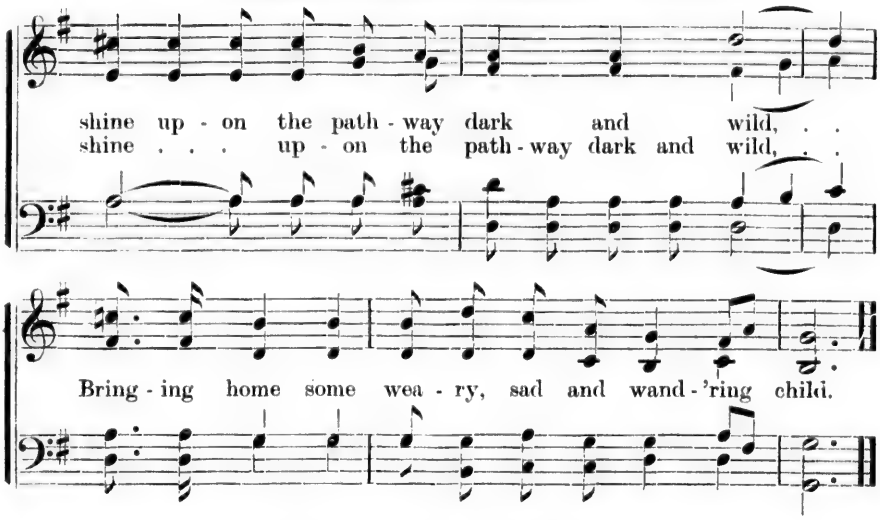
CHORUS.

Oh, my broth - er, trim your lamp and hold it up,
Oh, my broth - er, trim your lamp, Trim your lamp and hold it up,

Light of Je - sus, light of Je - sus, hold it up, Let it
Light of Je - - sus, light of Je - sus, hold it up, Let it

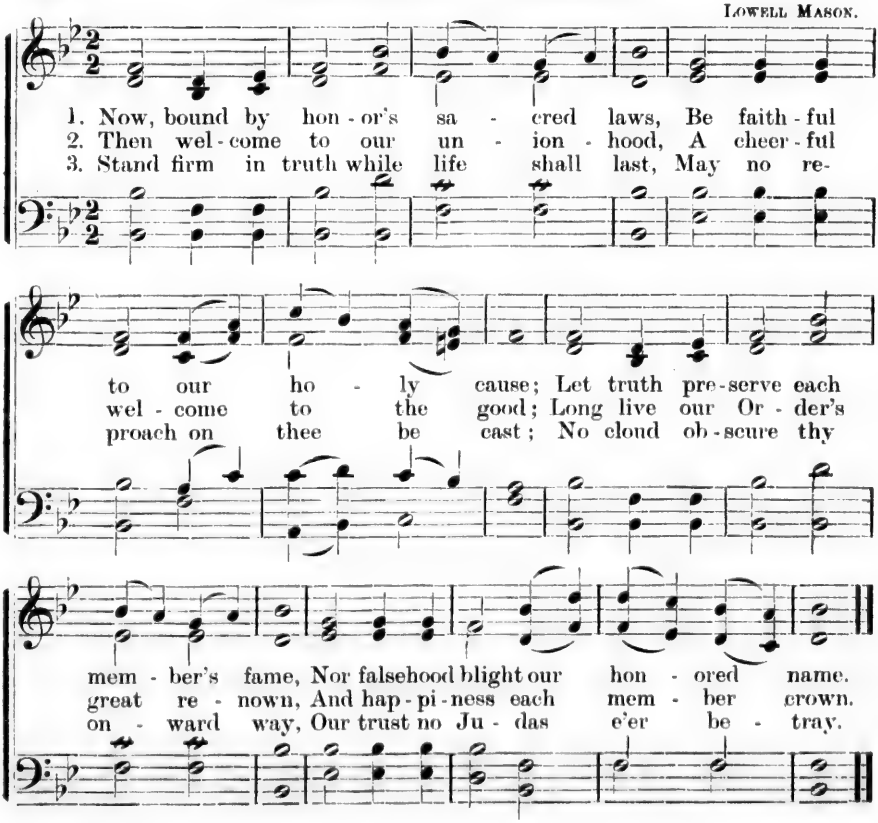


TRIM YOUR LAMP—*Continued.*



20 OUR HOLY CAUSE.

LOWELL MASON.



HE SOUGHT ME.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. If ev - er my name is inscribed in the Book, 'Twill be because
2. If ev - er the vict'ry o'er death I shall gain, If ev - er with
3. If ev - er I join with the angels in song, If ev - er I'm
4. If ev - er my feet touch the beau-ti-ful shore, When sorrows and

Je - sus his glo - ry forsook To rescue my soul from destruction and
Je - sus, in glo - ry, I reign, 'Twill never be thro' an - y good I have
counted as one in the throng That day and night praise him, a glorious
conflicts of earth shall be o'er, I'll want to see Jesus and speak face to

Fine.

shame; It will be by simply trusting in his won - der - ful name.
done, But by trusting in the Saviour who the vict'ry hath won.
band, It will be that I am brought there by his almight - y hand.
face; For he sought me, and redeemed me by his won - der - ful grace.

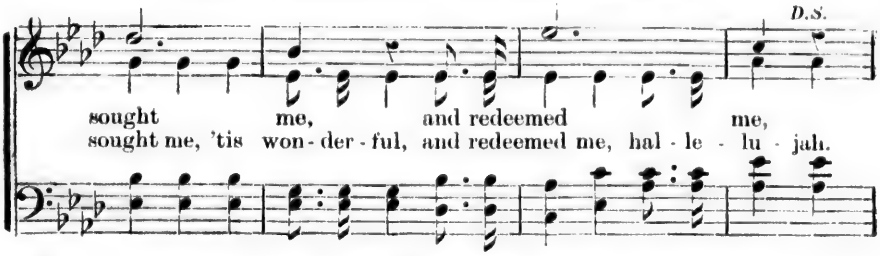
D.S.—He redeemed me, hal - le - lu - jah to his won-der - ful name.

CHORUS.

For he sought me, and redeemed me,
For he sought me, 'tis won-der-ful, and redeemed me, hal - le - lu - jah.

Hal - le - lu - jah to his won - der - ful name. For he

HE SOUGHT ME—*Continued.*



22 WOULD IT MEAN ANYTHING?

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Would it mean anything to you If the waves of rum swept thro', Quenching
2. Would it mean anything to you If a husband proved untrue Just be-
3. Would it mean anything to you If the captain, mate and crew Of a
4. Would it mean anything to you If for years to come you knew That your
5. Would it mean anything to you If the old home-love so true Should re-

all thy joy, as they took thy boy To be sold for rev - e - nue?
cause he drank till he low - er sank Than the beasts in for - ests do?
ship were drunk, and the vessel sunk, And a child of thine sink too?
home would be from the drink set free, And thy children grew up true?
turn a - gain, aft - er years of pain Ov - er those intemp'rance slew?

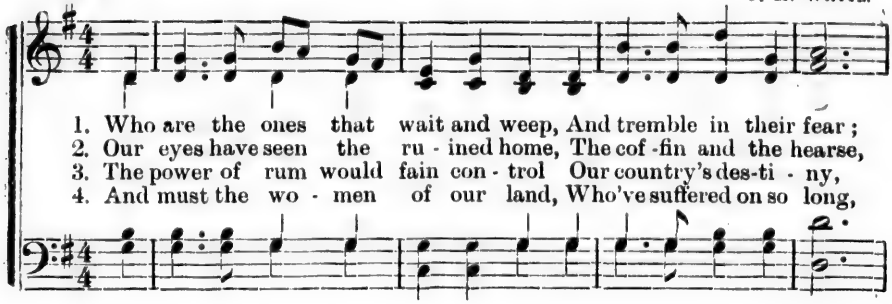
CHORUS.

Would it mean an - y-thing to you If the good, the pure, the true, Should se-

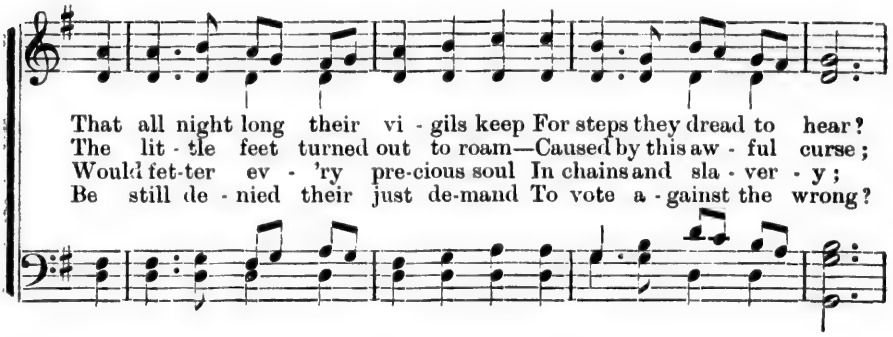
cure - ly rest in the old home nest—Would it hurt the rev - e - nue?

FOR GOD, HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

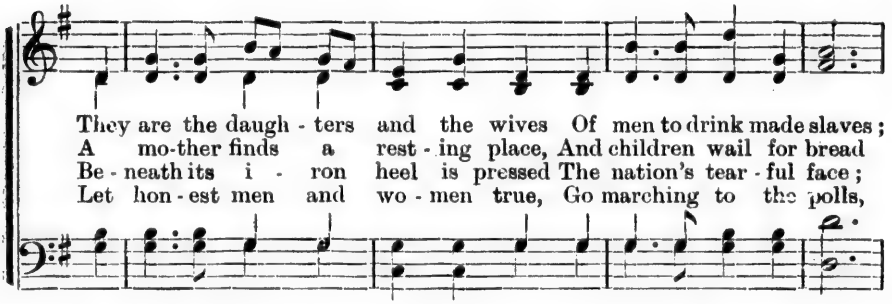
J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.



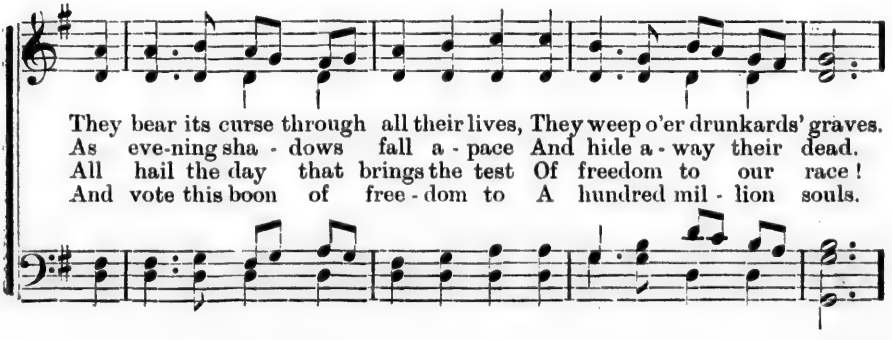
1. Who are the ones that wait and weep, And tremble in their fear;
2. Our eyes have seen the ru - ined home, The cof - fin and the hearse,
3. The power of rum would fain con - trol Our country's des-ti - ny,
4. And must the wo - men of our land, Who've suffered on so long,



That all night long their vi - gils keep For steps they dread to hear?
The lit - tle feet turned out to roam—Caused by this aw - ful curse;
Would fet-ter ev - 'ry pre-cious soul In chains and sla - ver - y;
Be still de - nied their just de-mand To vote a - gainst the wrong?



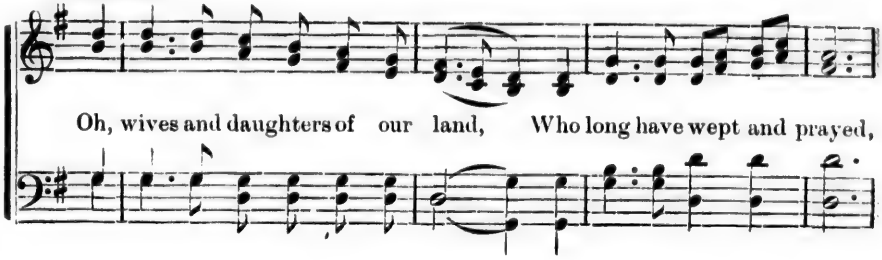
They are the daugh - ters and the wives Of men to drink made slaves;
A mo-ther finds a rest - ing place, And children wail for bread
Be - neath its i - ron heel is pressed The nation's tear - ful face;
Let hon - est men and wo - men true, Go marching to the polls,

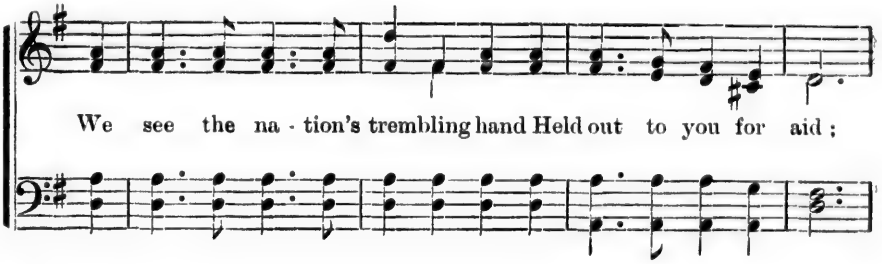


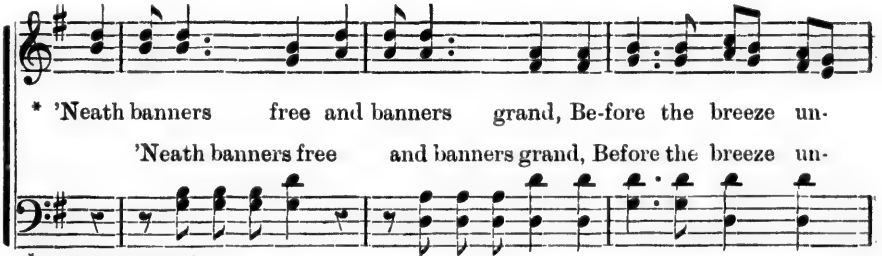
They bear its curse through all their lives, They weep o'er drunkards' graves.
As eve-ning sha - dows fall a - pace And hide a - way their dead.
All hail the day that brings the test Of freedom to our race!
And vote this boon of free - dom to A hundred mil - lion souls.

FOR GOD, HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

CHORUS.







* Or these words:—

With banners east and banners west, Be-fore the breeze un-
With banners east and banners west,

furled, The Cross of Je-sus on each breast, March on to save the world.

THERE'S A SOUND OF GOING.

J. M. W. J. M. Whyte.

1. Do you hear that wail from sea to ocean, Swelling upon ev-'ry
2. See the gifts they of - fer to the nation In the way of tax and
3. But we'd like the whisky league to mention, And we're not requesting

morning breeze? Whisky men per-form-ing their de - vo - tion To the
lunch-es free! Hear them ask for am - ple com - pen - sa - tion If to
it in fun; Who will pay each suf - fer - er a pen - sion For the

pol - i - ti - cians on their knees. While their gifts and pray'rs they are re-
quit the traf - fic they agree! Though they of - fer earn - est sup - pli-
mischief whisky men have done? And there's one thing they cannot be

peating, For the day of doom to be deferred; You may see these
cation, Though they promise how they will be good, They must get some
blind to, And to see it makes them ve - ry sore, It is this, The

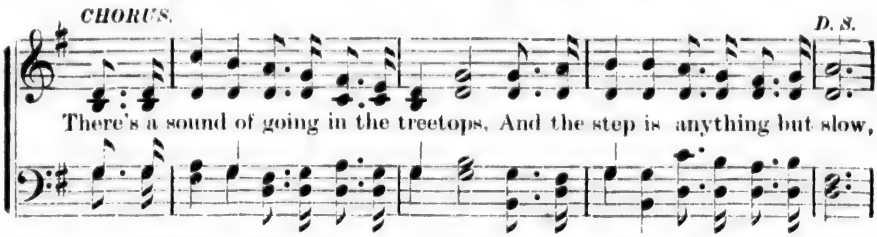
D.S.—Of the tramp, tramp

Fine.

whisky men re-treat-ing—There's a sound of go - ing to be heard.
oth - er oc - cu - pa - tion, And we want it plainly un - der - stood.
peo - ple have a mind to Close up ev - 'ry li - quor-sel - ler's door.

out of all the drink shops, And we all re - joice to see them go.

THERE'S A SOUND OF GOING—*Continued.*

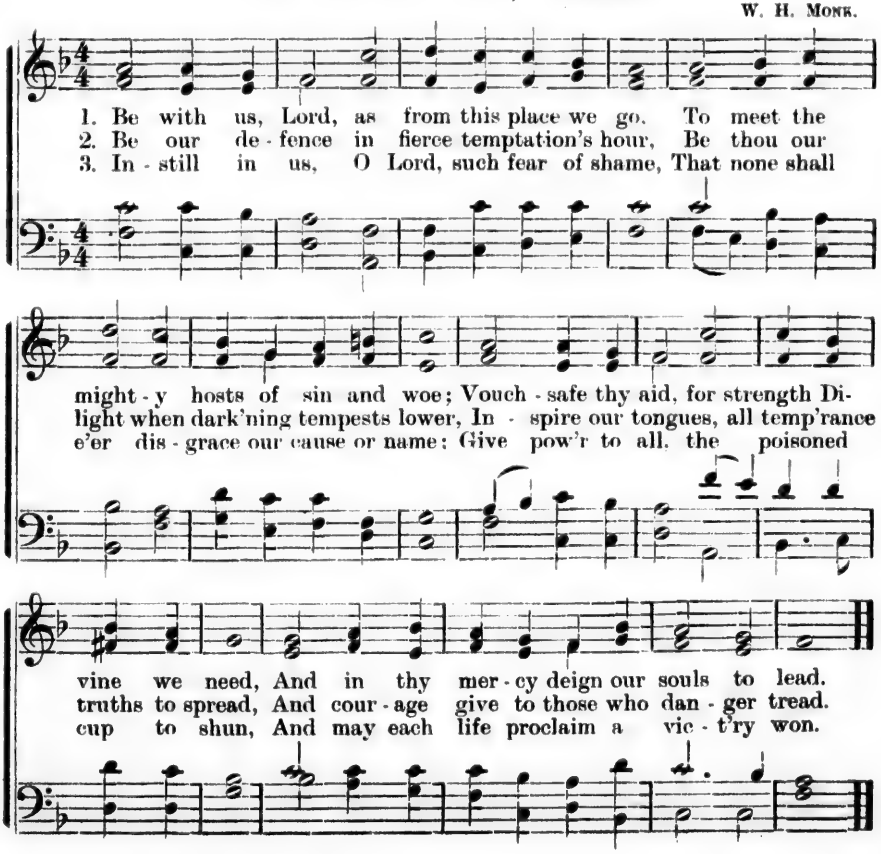


4 Yes, the whisky men are now retreating,
And the gods they worship disappear,
And the prayers they've always been repeating
Change to "How will we get out of [here?"
For the wicked flee with none pursuing,
And they sometimes get upon the run,
But they make much better time in going
When for them the searching has [begun.

5 See, the gods they worship cannot answer,
And their prayers will be of no avail;
For the pow'r to grant has had a transfer,
And they'll have to quit or go to jail.
See the hosts of evil backward falling,
See the Christian army coming on,
Whisky men in vain for help are calling,
As the walls of Babylon go down.

25 BE WITH US, LORD.

W. H. Monk.



26 HE COULD DRINK OR LEAVE IT ALONE.

J. M. W., in part. J. M. WHYTE.

1. He was one of those strong-minded men "Who could drink or could leave
2. He could quote from the poets and bards, In a style that was al-

it a - lone;" With the fin - est of scorn for the weak, Who had
most di - vine, Man - y beau - ti - ful things they have said When ex-

lit - tle if an - y back - bone. And, said he, "Must a man who is
tol-ling the sparkling red wine. At a banquet he'd sing a sweet

f.

strong Thus de - ny to him - self the fair use Of the pleasant,
song, All a - bout the red lips of a lass, And a toast he

D. S. (for 1st and 2nd stanzas)—*But a - las the*
D. S. (for 2rd and 4th stanzas)—*And a slave to*

Fine.

the in - no - cent wine? Just because of the weakling's a - buse.
would drink to her worth, In a sparkling and gen - er - ous glass.

vile poi - son be - gan, The strong will of this man to de - throne.
his foe is the man Who could drink or could leave it a - lone.

HE COULD DRINK OR LEAVE IT ALONE.

CHORUS.

He could drink, he could drink, he could drink,
He could drink, he could drink, or could leave it a-lone;

Words of Chorus for 3rd and 4th stanzas :—

So he drank at his own madden'd will,
So he drank, and he drank, at his own madden'd will

D.S.

He could drink, or could leave it a - - lone;
He could drink, he could drink, or could leave it a-lone;

Till that will was no long-er his own;
Till that will till that will was no longer his own;

3 He could speak from authorities high,
High as those who in governments reign,
And the line of his arguments ran
In the personal liberty vein—
"If a man wants to drink let him drink,
Every man has a will of his own,
And it's nobody's business should he
Take to drinking or leave it alone."

4 And the lips of a lass have grown pale,
And the light from her bright eye has flown,
And the bloom has forsaken her cheek,
And her heart is as heavy as stone—
Life to her is but tears and despair;
And this man with such wondrous backbone
Is a wreck drifting on through the world,
For he drinks and can't leave it alone.

27 TEMPERANCE DOXOLOGY.

G. FRANC. 1545.

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise him who heals the drunkard's woe;

Praise him who leads the temp'rance host, Praise Father, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. In this bright and hap-py land, is it sin, or is it fate? That three
2. We may find it written down, ev'ry morning, noon and night, That some
3. Down and down, still further down, every pleasure dearly bought, Till the

thousand places tempt our youth to sin, That among the drinking hosts,
precious boy has gone the way of sin, Past a mother's pray'rs and tears,
demon mounts the throne and rules within, Till the poison, or the shot,

D.S.—Counted in the mighty host

go - ing ear - ly, go - ing late, Man - y boys are for the first time
past the Bi - ble's ho - ly light, Till among the drunkards he is
or the waters deep are sought, And among the su - i - cides he's

that to home and heav'n are lost; Who's to blame that they have thus been

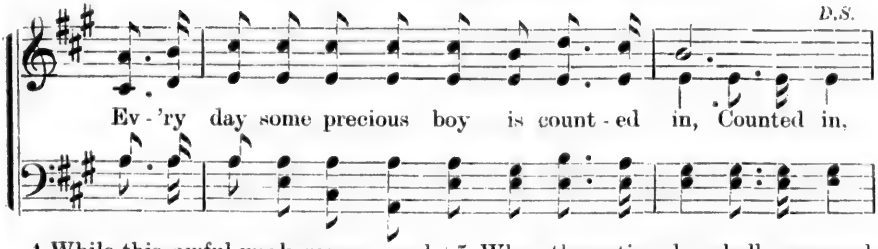
Last line of Chorus after 4th stanza—*'Tis a sin that they have thus been*
" " " " 5th " *O my brother, will your boy be*

Fine. *CHORUS.*

counted in. Counted in, counted in.
counted in.
counted in. Counted in, counted in,
counted in?

counted in?

WHO'S TO BLAME?—*Continued.*

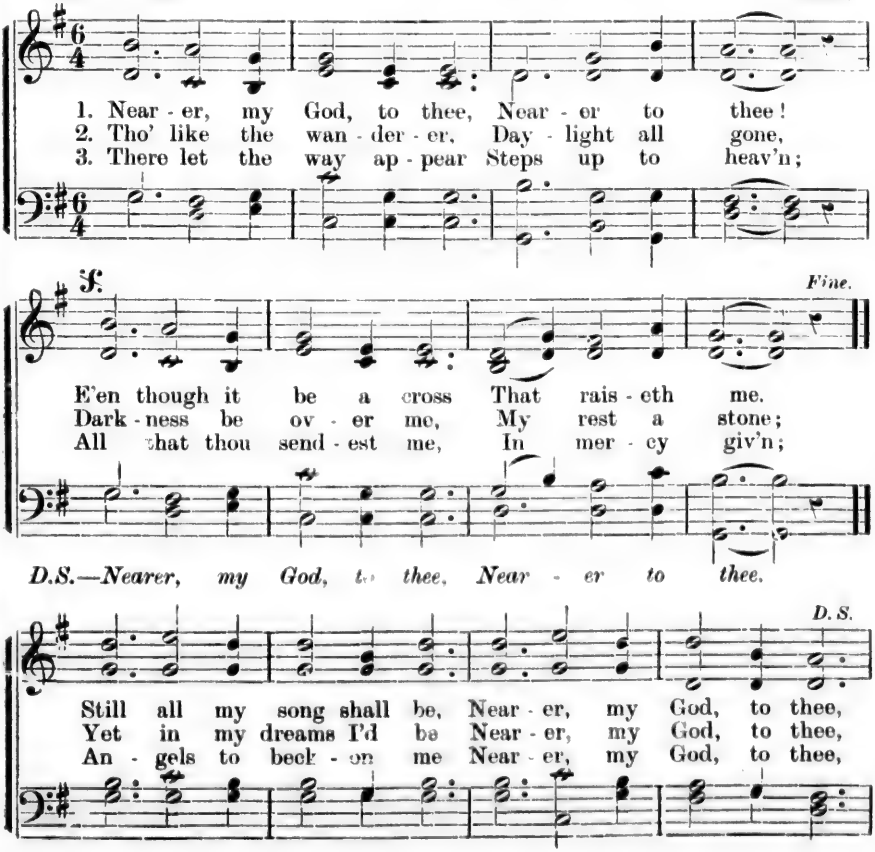


4 While this awful work goes on, and saloons are multiplied,
And new victims every day are found therein,
Let us ask the suicide and these drunkards who have died
Who's to blame that they have thus been counted in?

5 When the voting day shall come, and within the booth you stand,
There to judge upon this nation's awful sin,
By your mother's God and truth, by your home and native land,
Let your ballot for the right be counted in.

29 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. L. MASON.



THE DEATH-MARCH OF THE 600,000.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. We see the youth from ev - 'ry clime, Go trooping gai - ly by;
2. Though many ruined lives have flown To'ards an e - ter - ni - ty,
3. In this mad march they're not alone, See, there a wife and child—

They've spent for drink their first half-dime, And so - cial mirth runs high;
And have to answer at the throne Of Mighty De - i - ty;
No ten - der - ness or mercy shown—Dragged down by demons wild.

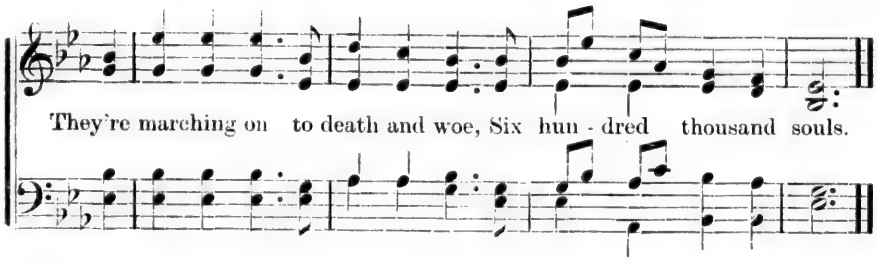
But oh! an hour of life has flown, Which ne'er recalled can be;
The ranks keep filled—as years go by New fac - es there ap - pear,
And here a meth - er vainly strives To break the aw - ful spell

And worse than all there have been sown The seeds of mis - er - y.
As one drops out we hear the cry, "*Fall in there from the rear.*"
That binds her son ere Sa - tan drives Him down to death and hell.

CHORUS.

Thus year by year we find it so, As 'round this old earth rolls,

THE DEATH-MARCH OF THE 600,000.

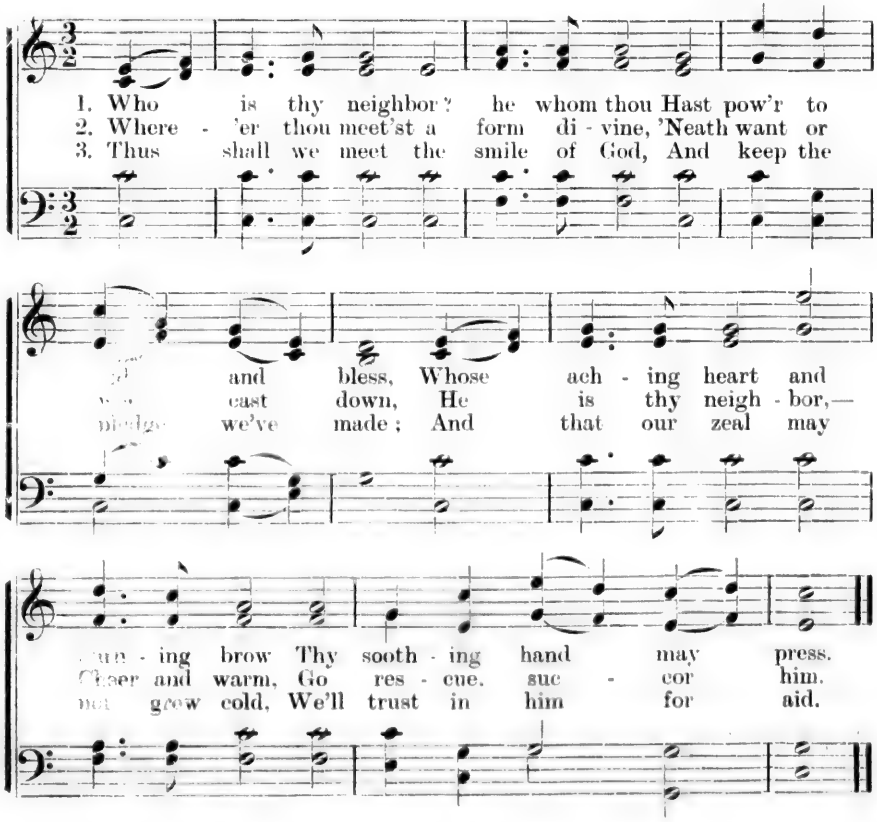


4 The pleading cries, and sobs and groans,
And wails and shrieks that come,
Are muffled by the stately tones
Of business horn and drum;
But prohibition ears can hear
Through this commercial din,
Our foes are making far and near
To cover up their sin.

5 But up, and on, the foe to stay,
A mighty army comes,
And women now their strength display,
Without the noise of drums;
They wait their chance with ballots white
To load the temp'rance gun;
When it goes off 'twill end the fight,
And we will shout "Well done."

31 WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

GEO. KINGSLEY.



DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON.

(An answer to "Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night.")

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS.

1–4. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night? Down in the licensed sa - loon,—

Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of man - y a light, Beau - ti - ful mu - sic the ear to delight, Down in the li-
Learning new vic - es all the night long, Tempted to all that's sin - ful and wrong, Lis - ten - ing to the harlot's foul song, Down in the li-
Little arms once were thrown 'round my neck, Look at him now, my poor heart will break; Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck, Down in the li-
Brother, I guess you'd en - ter this fight If it were your boy down there to - night, Ruined and wrecked by the drink ap - pe - tite, Down in the li-

CHORUS.

censed sa - loon.
censed sa - loon.
censed sa - loon.
censed sa - loon.

There is my wand'ring boy to-night, There is my wan-

d'ring boy to-night; Down, down, down, down, Down in the licensed saloon.

From "SILVER TONES," a prohibition song-book, by per. of the publisher, W. A. Williams, Warnock, O.

33 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

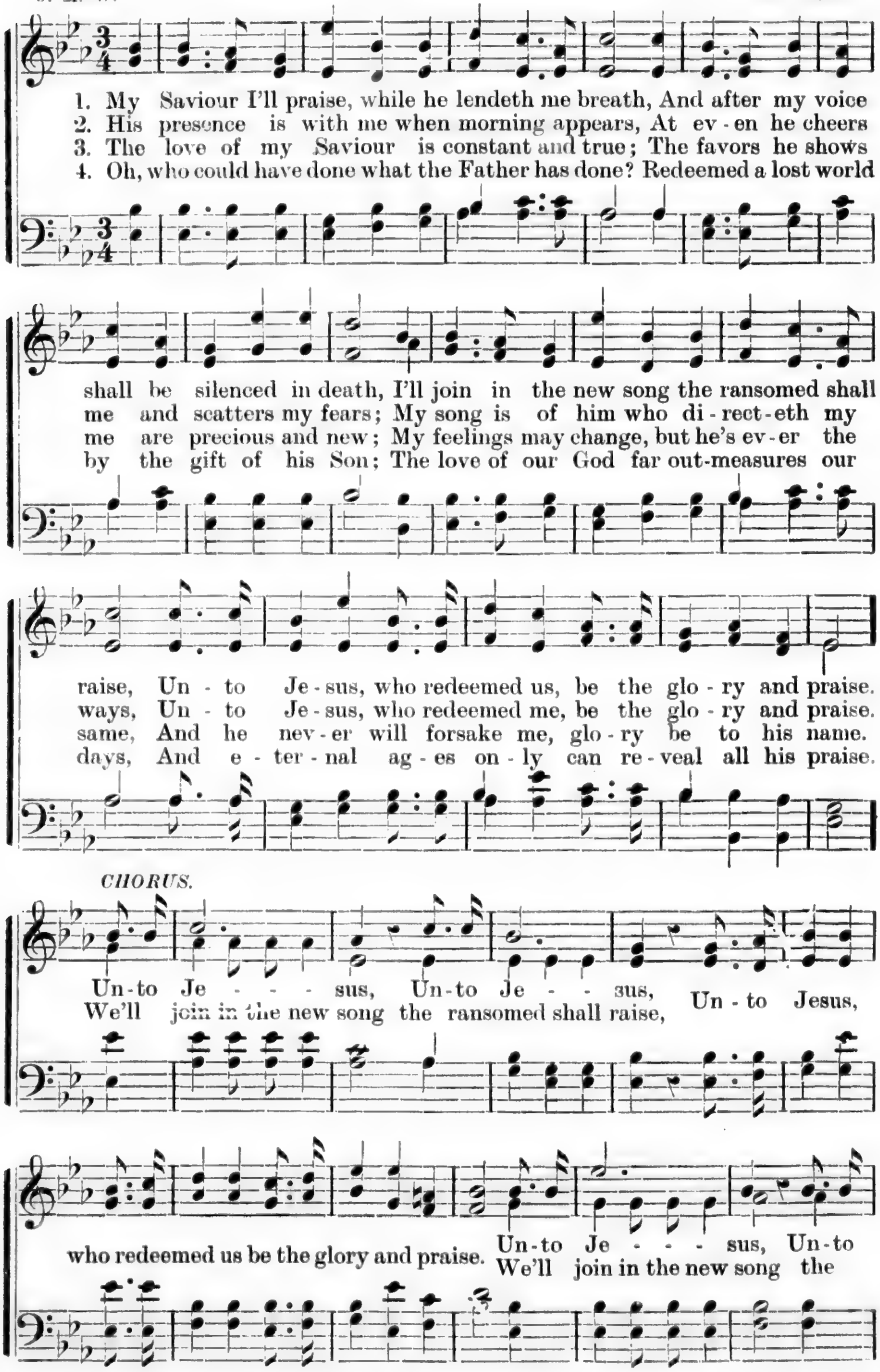
1. On-ward Christian soldiers! marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See his banner go!
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On then, Christian sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.
3. Like a might-y ar - my moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
4. On-ward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the triumph song; Glo-ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

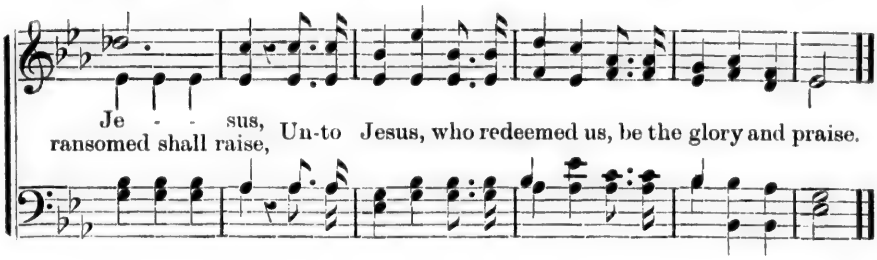
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

MY SAVIOUR I'LL PRAISE.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.



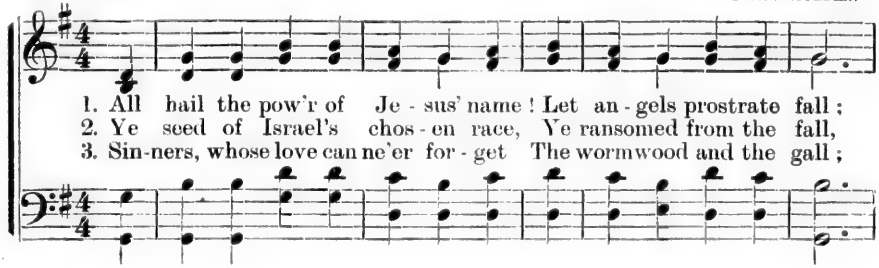
MY SAVIOUR I'LL PRAISE—*Continued.*

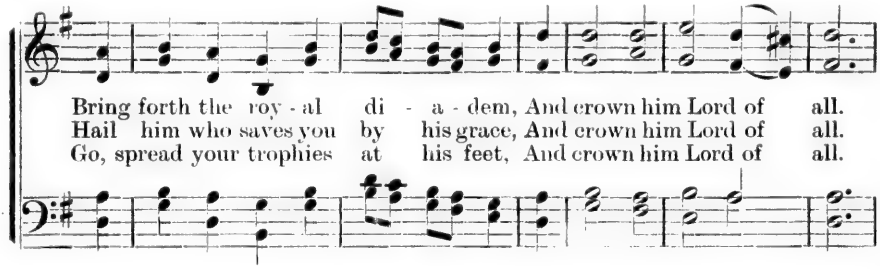


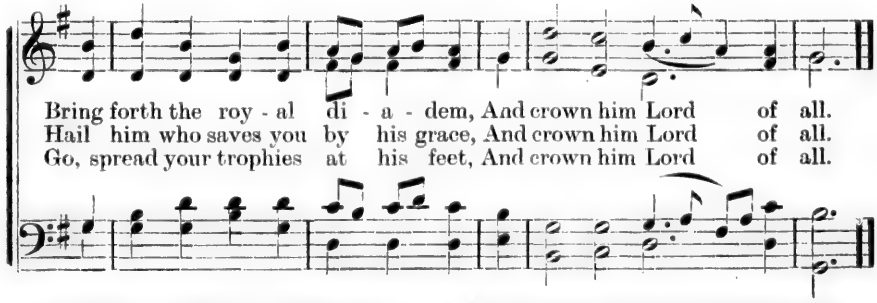
35

CORONATION.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.





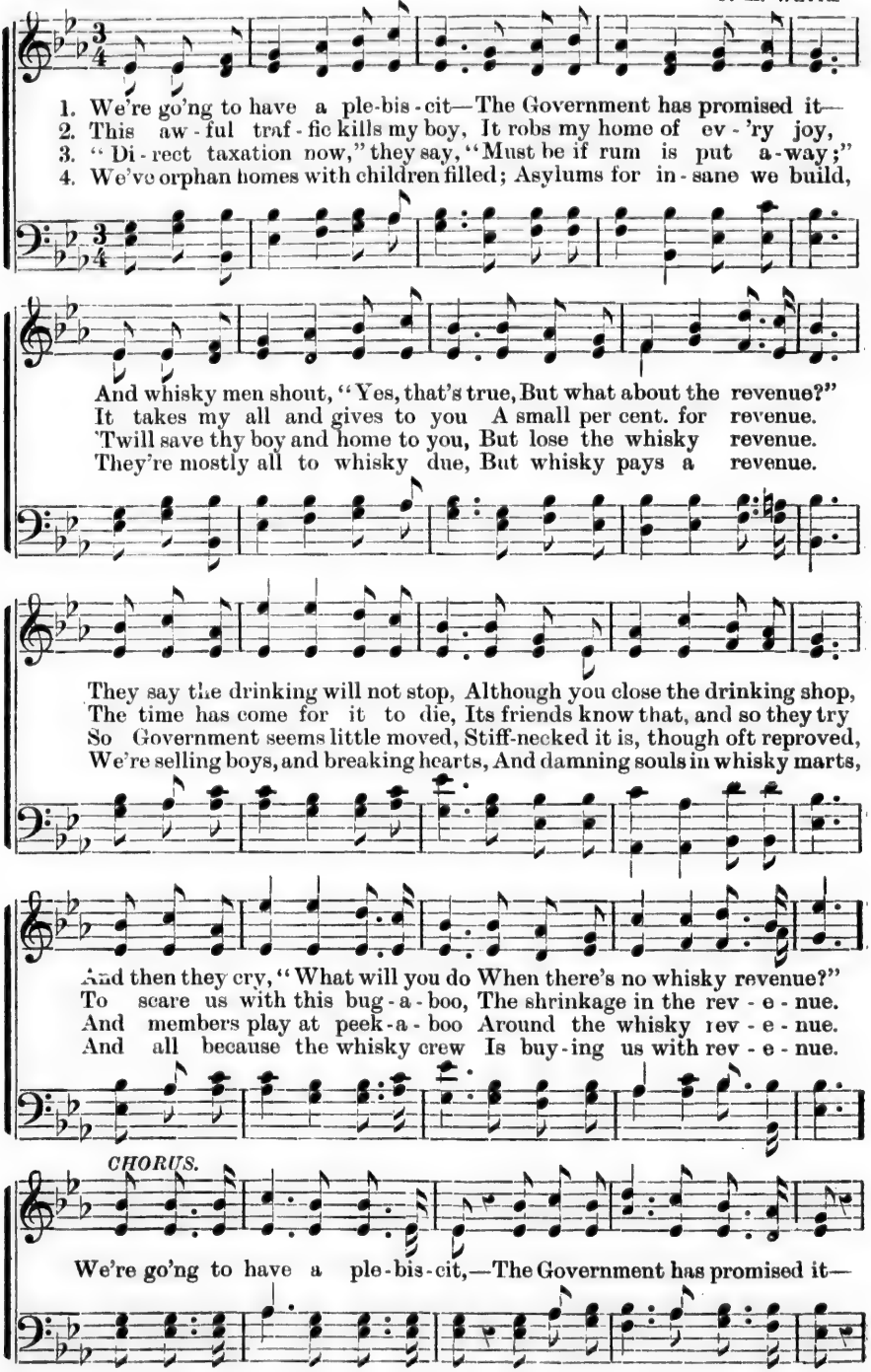


4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
‖: To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

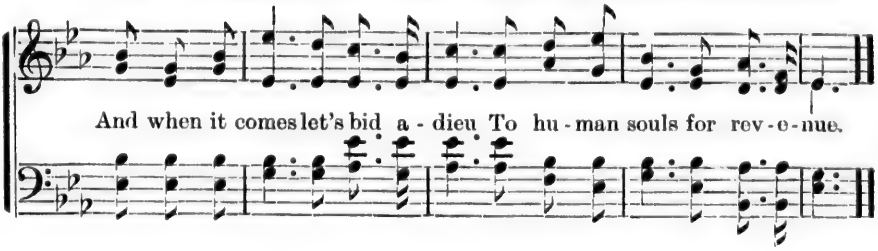
5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall ;
‖: Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

THE PLEBISCIT AND REVENUE.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

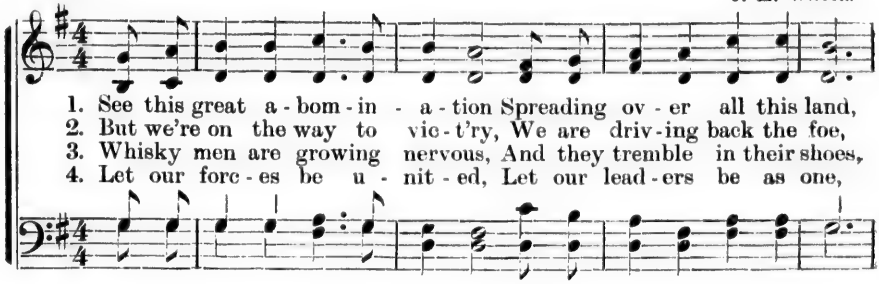


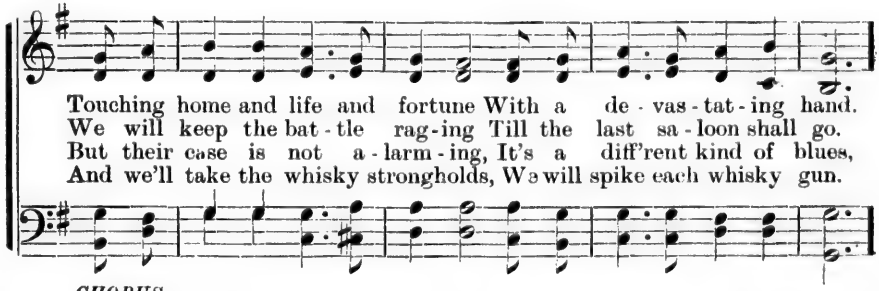
THE PLEBISCIT AND REVENUE.—*Continued.*



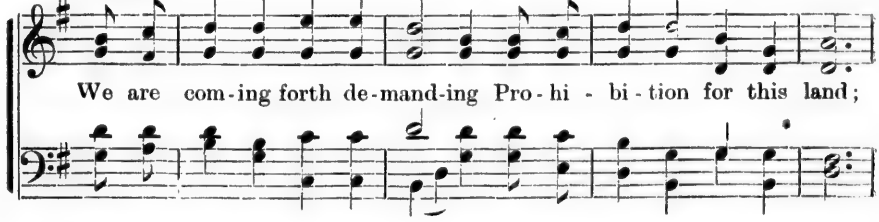
37 THIS GREAT ABOMINATION.

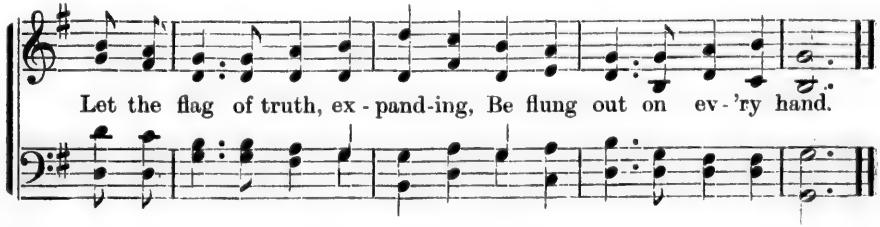
J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.





CHORUS.





KEEP THE BALL A-ROLLING.

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. You'll find it out we've come to stay Un - til the fight is o'er;
2. We'll preach and teach, and sing and pray, As long as we have breath,
3. And at the polls, you'll find us there, To re - pre - sent our cause,
4. Your con - scien - ces will get no rest Un - til you vote a - right,
5. We'll ag - i - tate and nom - i - nate Un - til we gain the day,

We'll ne'er give up un - til saloons Are driv - en from our shore.
That God will drive the curse away, And save our land from death.
And in the box we'll drop our pray'r For pro - hi - bi - tion laws.
For we are bound to do our best To hur - ry up the fight.
And vile saloons an - ni - hi - late; You'll find us here to stay.

CHORUS.

Ag - i - tate, ag - i - tate, keep the ball a - roll - ing; Ag-i-tate, stir 'em up, keep the ball a - roll - ing, Keep the ball a roll ing, roll - ing, Keep the ball a- Keep the ball a - roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing, rolling, Keep the ball a - roll - ing on. Keep the ball a - roll - ing, roll - ing, Keep the ball a - rolling,

From "SILVER TONES," a prohibition song-book, by per. of the publisher, W. A. Williams, Warnock, O.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

—PROV. xx: 1.

"It is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted."

—PROV. xxxi: 4, 5.

HOW MANY CAN YOU FURNISH?

It takes 2,000,000 boys every generation for raw material for the saloon.

A CURE FOR HARD TIMES.

A man having been accustomed to spending 20 cents a day for drink, found by saving it that he could buy from his grocer during one year and pay cash for 3 barrels of flour, 100 lbs. granulated sugar, 25 lbs. corn starch, 125 lbs. maccaroni, 60 lbs. white beans, 6 lbs. ground pepper, 1 dozen scrub brushes, 50 lbs. sal. soda, 20 lbs. roasted coffee, 25 cans tomatoes, 24 cans mackerel, 50 lbs. best raisins, 1 dozen packages herbs, 40 lbs. codfish, 110 lbs. buckwheat flour, 100 lbs. oatmeal, 20 lbs. rice, 1 barrel crackers, 100 lbs. honey, 18 lbs. mincemeat, 1 dozen brooms, 12 bottles machine oil, 20 lbs. oolong tea, 24 cans green peas, 20 lbs. dried apples, 25 lbs. prunes, 40 lbs. laundry starch, 28 lbs. table salt, 25 lbs. lard, 12 bottles maple syrup, 100 bars soap, 2 gallons chow-chow, 1 ream note paper, 500 envelopes, 2 newspapers for 1 year. He had no idea his drinking had been costing him so much; he never lived better and buys more for his family. "Go thou and do likewise," whoever drinks.

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these . . . envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

—GAL. v: 19-21.

"They that be drunken, are drunken in the night; but let us, who are of the day, be sober."

—1 THESS. v: 7, 8.

PROHIBITION PROHIBITS IN SOME QUARTERS.

The most of our railroads have total prohibition laws for employees, and enforce those laws in face of the personal liberty cry.

The same may be said of express companies and banks and wholesale houses, etc., where positions of trust are to be filled, or where the handling of large sums of money requires the clearest brain, and steadiest nerves.

Saloon keepers are not received into the following fraternal societies: Masons, Knights of Pythias, United Workmen, Foresters, Knights of the Maccabees; they are debarred from official positions of government.

Life insurance risks are taken with great reluctance, or refused altogether, for men addicted to the drink habit.

THE TOLLING BELLS.

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. Oh, hear the toll - ing of the bells, Each single night and day;
2. Each day a hundred men or more, Among them are the great,
3. And so the work of death goes on Throughout our sin - ful race.

A sto - ry sad their mu - sic tells; The dead are borne a - way.
De - spair - ing quit this earth - ly shore To share the drunkard's fate.
And when this drunken throng is gone An - oth - er takes its place.

We hear its solemn, dirge-like tones, In - vit - ing to the tomb.
And al - most ev - 'ry song we sing, A ser - vice at the most,
They are the boys who smile and play, With joy your hearts they fill,

They're mingled with the hopeless moans That speak the drunkard's doom.
Marks time enough for bells to ring: "An - oth - er soul is lost."
For whom the bell will toll some day "The vic - tim of the still."

CHORUS. pp Very slow.

1st. *2nd.*

Tolling! Tolling! the knell of a soul; the knell of a soul!

From "SILVER TONES," a prohibition song-book, by per. of the publisher, W. A. Williams, Warnock, O

THE ROAD GOES ANUDDER WAY.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1 I once know'd a brudder who had gone and jined the church—But the
He'd lead the con - gre - ga - tion in the sing - in' till you'd think If he
2 They say that dis brudder is a mighty man to speak—But the
For when de meetin's ov - er you will see dis brudder slink Down the

road to glory goes a - nudder way; To get a drink o' whisky he was
on - ly had de wings he'd fly away; Then straight out from de meetin' he would
road to glory goes anudder way; There's power in his preachin' but his
al - ley at the clos - ing of the day, And if you keep awatchin' you will

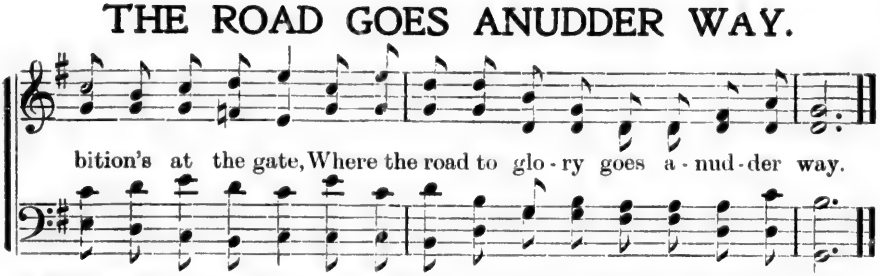
ev - er on the search—But the road to glo - ry goes a - nud - der way.
go and take a drink—But the road to glo - ry goes a - nud - der way.
liv - in's mighty weak—And the road to glo - ry goes a - nud - der way.
see him take a drink—But the road to glo - ry goes a - nud - der way.

CHORUS.

I tell you this, my brudder, you had bet - ter quit the drink, You are

coming to the judgment day, And you have not long to wait, Pro - hi-

THE ROAD GOES ANUDDER WAY.

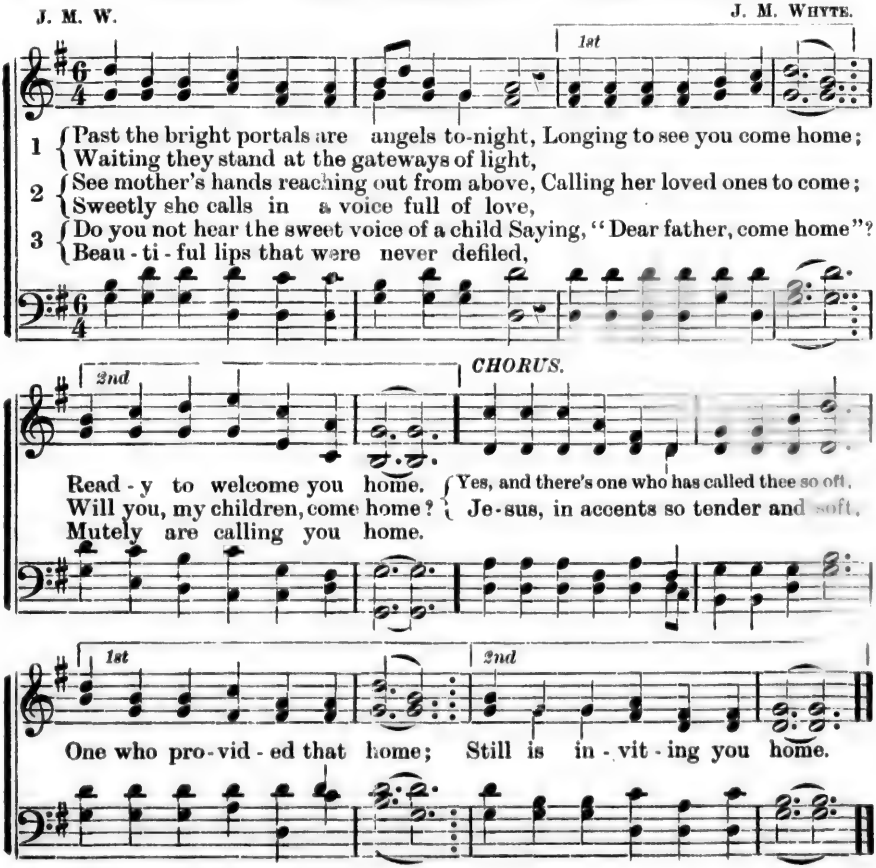


3 When folks want a temp'rance speech dis brudder's to the fore—
But the road to glory goes anudder way:
He'll preach up prohibition, but he'll drink behind the door—
And the road to glory goes anudder way;
And when the vote is taken you will see him in a hack,
With the whisky men a-driving all the day,
He'll mark his ballot whisky, and they'll pat him on the back—
But the road to glory goes anudder way.

4 I wish that dis brudder would begin to look around
Where the road to glory goes anudder way;
And get upon de highway where no drinkin' will be found,
Where the road to glory goes anudder way;
Dis world is lookin' at you, and it's lookin' mighty straight,
If you listen you can hear de people say:
"A whisky-drinking man is not a Christian up-to-date,
And the road to glory goes anudder way."

41 PAST THE BRIGHT PORTALS.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.



A DOLLAR BILL OR TWO.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. Friends of tem - per - ance, a dol - lar bill's a ve - ry use - ful thing,
2. While the temp'rance cause is mov - ing grand - ly all a - long the line,
3. Who can tell the might - y el - o - quence with which a dol - lar speaks;
4. But a dol - lar bill that's giv - en for the home and truth and right,
5. God will mag - ni - fy the dol - lar by a hun - dred thousand - fold,

When we need fin - an - cial aid to get us through; And when
There is just one lit - tle thing we ought to do— When the
How it gives a man the tic - (ket) do(u) - lo(u) - reux, Twist - ing
Will pre - vent what whis - ky thousands try to do; One can
As the Sav - iour did the loaves and fish - es few; And the

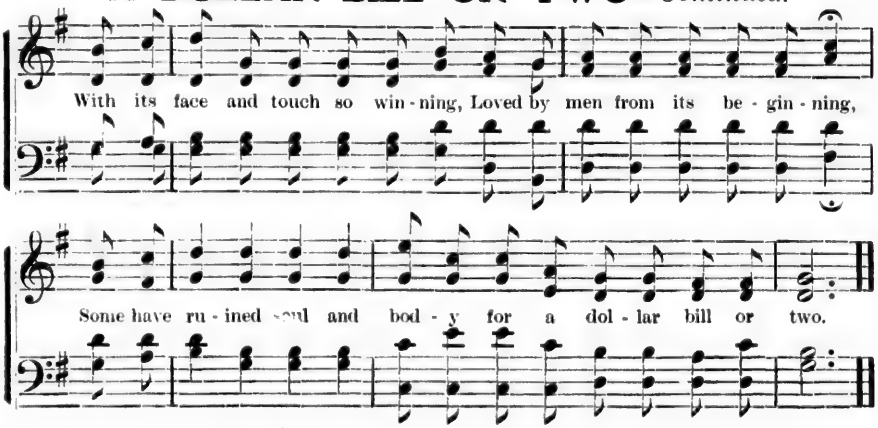
all our debts are set - tled, Oh, how hap - py we can sing, If here's
con - tri - bu - tion's tak - en, don't let one of us de - cline To go
him quite out of sorts with temp'rance laws the country seeks, Till he
chase a thousand, two can put ten thousand men to flight, For the
whis - ky legions, trust - ing in their treas - ur - ies of gold, Will be

yet with - in our pock - et - books a dol - lar bill or two.
down in - to our pock - ets for a dol - lar bill or two.
votes the whis - ky tick - et for a dol - lar bill or two.
Lord of Hosts will mul - ti - ply the dol - lar bill or two.
ov - er - come and rout - ed by a dol - lar bill or two.

CHORUS.

O the dol - lar, might - y dol - lar, has it ev - er troubled you?
O the dol - lar, dol - lar, dol - lar, sil - ver dol - lar, gold - en dol - lar,

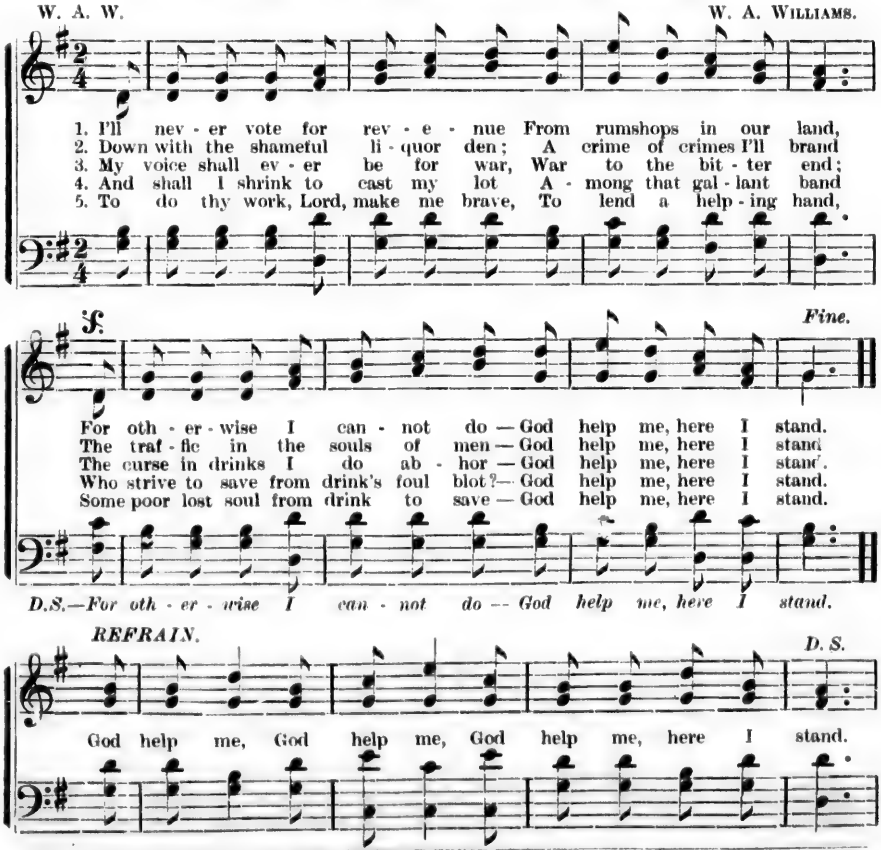
A DOLLAR BILL OR TWO—*Continued.*



43 GOD HELP ME, HERE I STAND.

"Here I stand, God help me, I cannot do otherwise."—Martin Luther.

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS.



From "SILVER TONES," a prohibition song-book, by per of the publisher. W. A. Williams, Warnock, O.

SUNBEAMS ON OUR WALLS.

J. J. W. By per. J. Judson Whyte.

1 Are there sunbeams, day by day, On our walls that dance and play?
While we have our loved ones here, Lest the sunbeams dis - ap - pear

2 Are there sha-dows, day by day, On our walls that dare to stay?
While we have our loved ones here, Lest the sunbeams dis - ap - pear,

1st 2nd CHORUS.

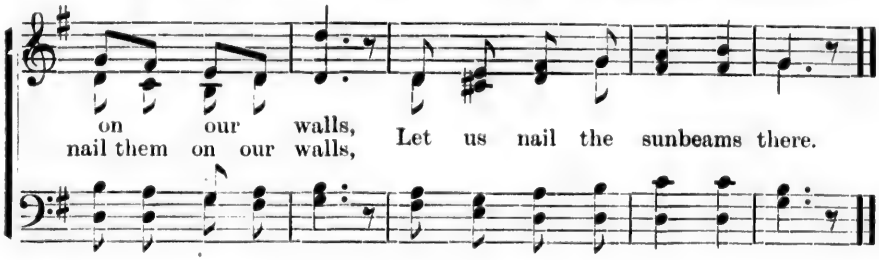
Let us ev - 'ry one take care, Are there
Let us seek to nail them there. Sunbeams on our
Let us ev - 'ry one take care
Lest we nail the shadows there.

sunbeams, day by day, On our walls that dance
walls, sunbeams on our walls, sunbeams on our walls, Sunbeams

and play, Let us ev - 'ry one take care, Lis - ten
dance and play, Let us ev - 'ry one take care, Lis - ten to each

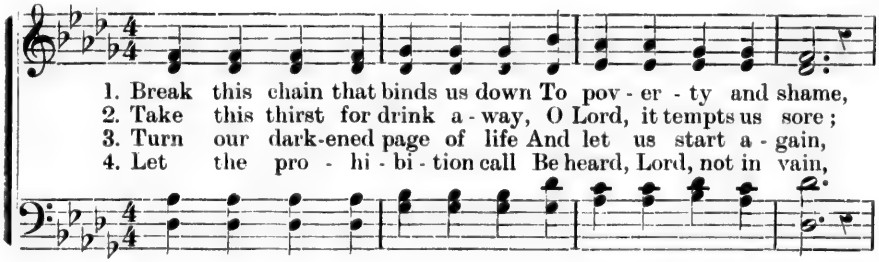
to each voice that calls, Bring the ham - mer
voice, to each voice that calls, Bring a - long the ham-mer and

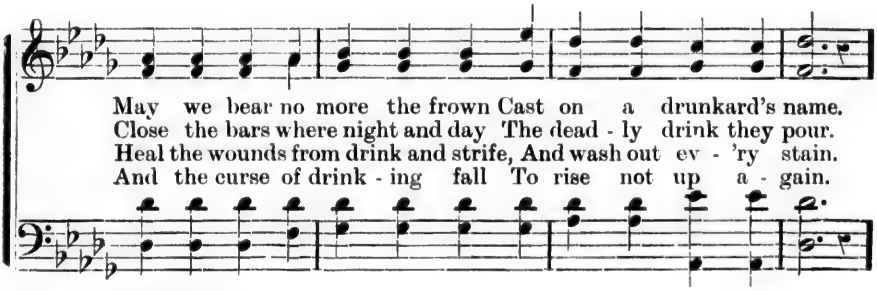
SUNBEAMS ON OUR WALLS—*Continued.*



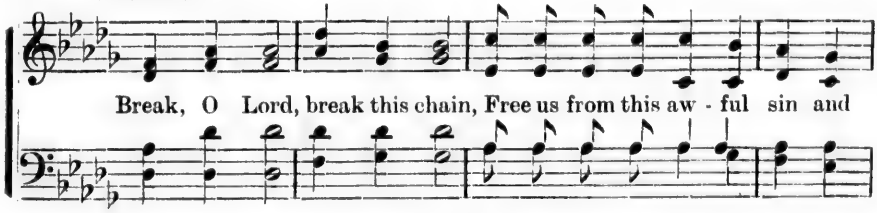
45 THE DRUNKARDS' PRAYER.

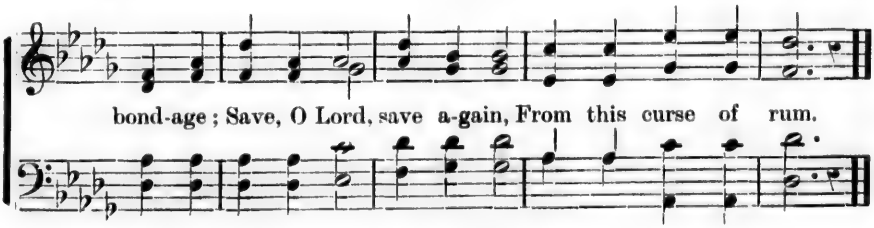
J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.





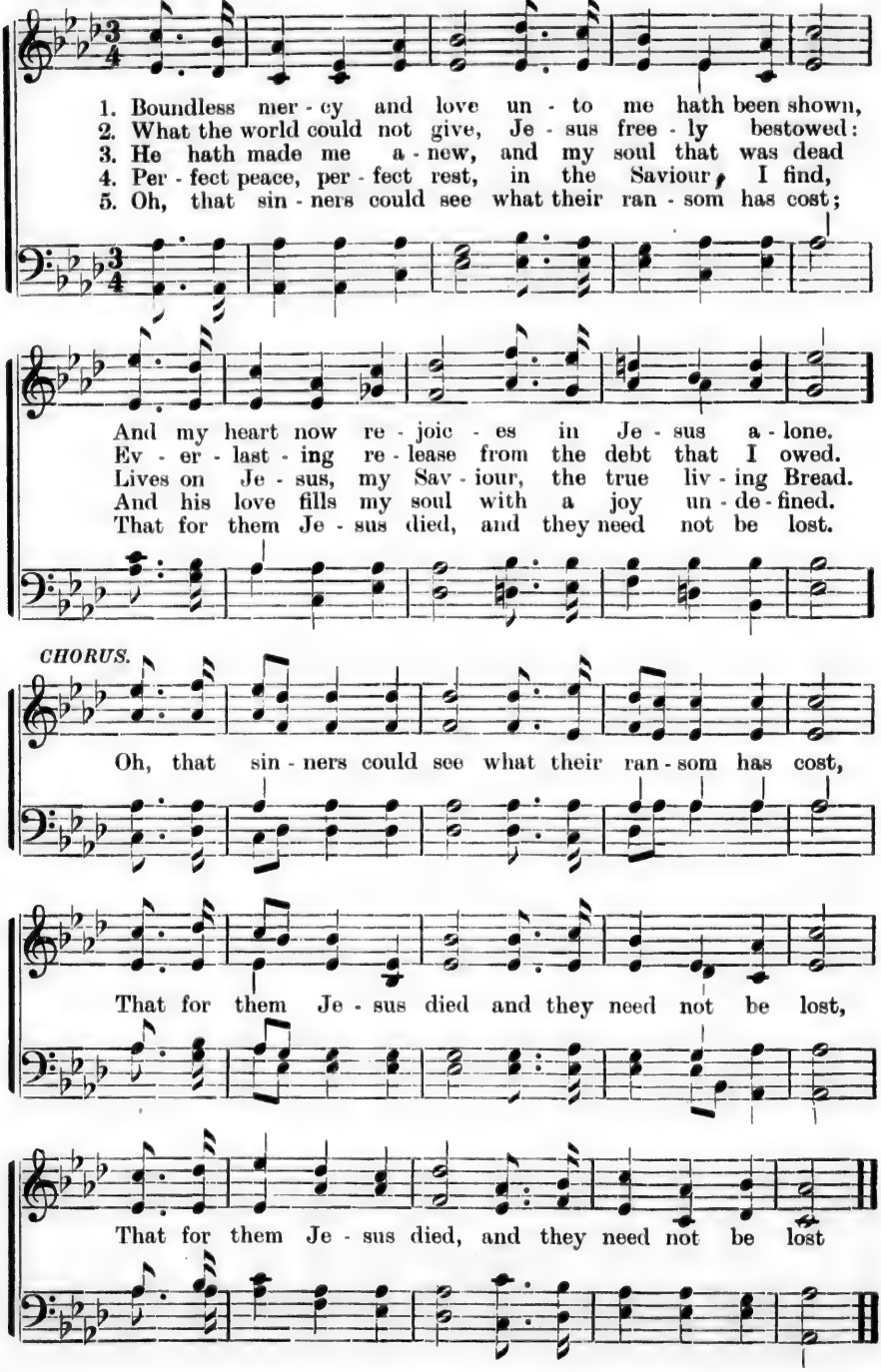
CHORUS.





BOUNDLESS MERCY AND LOVE.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.



"They have given a boy for an harlot, and sold a girl for wine that they might drink."

—JOEL: iii. 3.

"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouth."

—JOEL i: 5.

THE YEARLY DRINK BILL OF AMERICA.

$1,200,000,000.

(One billion two hundred million dollars.)

There are in America, about $604,000,000 in silver coin, and $614,000,000 in gold coin—$1,218,000,000 total coin—nearly the whole of which, or its equivalent, goes over the counters of the saloon in one year. Bimetalism is a great question! Chauncey Depew says if this money was spent in coal, and bread, and clothing, the railroads have not enough cars to carry the freight that would be piled up at the stations for shipment!

THE DEATH TRAP.

We have seen a sign over a saloon on the outskirts of a town which reads on one side First Chance, and on the other side Last Chance. This is like the old colored man's trap, "sot to ketch 'em agoin' or comin'." 100,000 going down yearly to hell, 100,000 mothers wailing over lost ones, makes us think of a mighty Rama with Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they are not.

TERRIBLE.

100,000 Drunkards Die Each Year in America.

400,000 are disqualified for supporting themselves and their families.

Men and money go into the liquor business, what comes out? Wrecked men, ruined homes, wasted lives, starved and diseased children, insanity, imbecility, paralysis, crimes of every name down to murder.

The saloon is a school of vice:—
It holds day sessions and every day.
It teaches law breakings.
Its dialect is profanity.
Its thought is licentious.
It teaches boys that those who oppose the business are old fogeys.

A young man does not go wrong suddenly; if you look back you will find that he has been taught for a long while at the school of the saloon, and when this is known you will not wonder at the suddenness of his downfall.

I NOW BELIEVE IN HIM.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. The truth is ev - er - last - ing; God's word can nev - er fail;
2. And he that asks receiveth, And he that seeks shall find;
3. No oth - er name a - vail - eth To save a soul from sin;
4. It is a purchased pardon By him, who free - ly gave

Who pleads the name of Je - sus, Shall in his name pre - vail.
To him that knocks 'twill open;—'Tis free to all man - kind.
Naught save the blood of Je - sus Can cleanse the heart with - in.
His life to be the ransom,—The Mighty One to save.

CHORUS.

I now be - lieve in him, I now be - lieve in him,

He prom - is - es to pardon If I be - lieve in him.

5 'Tis an abundant pardon;
'Tis righteous and divine;
'Tis ours when we receive it,
And now I claim it mine.

6 He's promised life eternal
To all who will believe;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life he'll give.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

LILLIAN JACKSON. J. M. WHYTE.

1. I'm thinking now of our beau - ti - ful home, That's far up a-
2. Je - sus is King of that beau - ti - ful land, That's far up a-
3. Sin can - not en - ter that beau - ti - ful land, That's far up a-

bove the sky; Where friends will meet at the Saviour's dear feet,
bove the sky; His love and grace, shining down from his face,
bove the sky; No cold winds beat, and no wea - ri - some heat,

CHORUS.

And nev - er will say good-bye.
We'll know bet - ter by and by. Je - sus is king of
And nev - er a tear nor sigh.

glo - ry, And he'll bring us home at last, To join the song

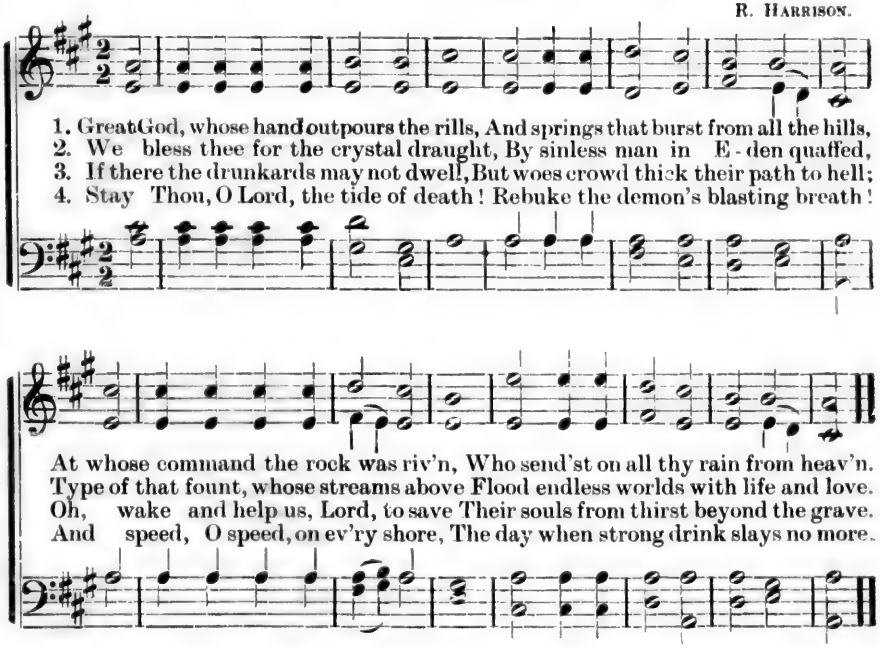
with the heav - en - ly throng, When earth is for - ev - er past.

4 No jarring note in that beautiful land,
That's far up above the sky;
The new sweet song of the heavenly throng,
We'll join in it by and by.

5 Our loved ones wait in that beautiful land,
That's far up above the sky; [hills,
Love rules their wills on the heavenly
And we'll meet them by and by.

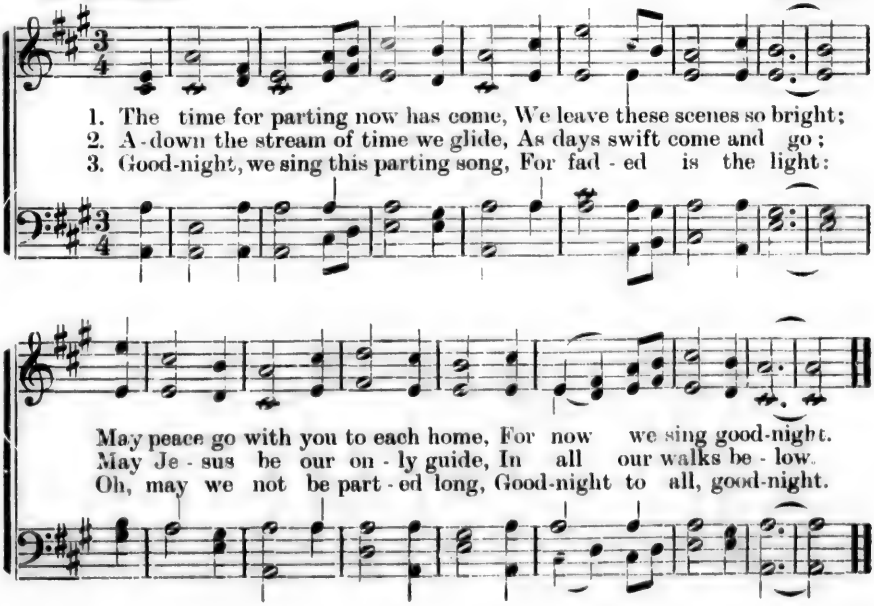
49 STAY THOU, O LORD.

R. HARRISON.



50 GOOD-NIGHT.

JOHN MCPHERSON. SCOTTISH.



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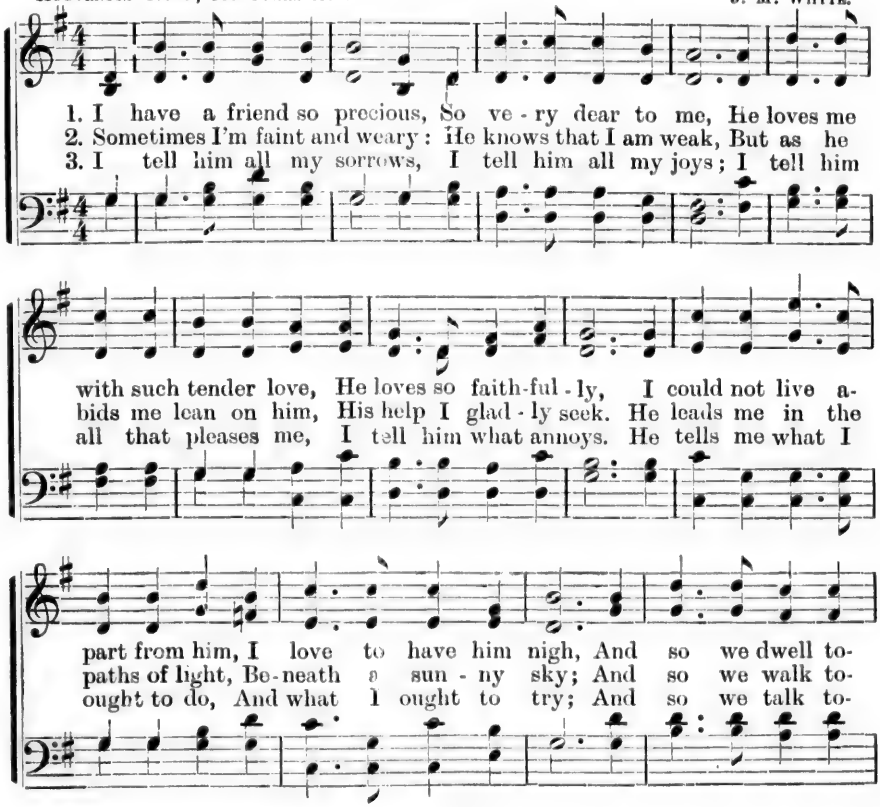
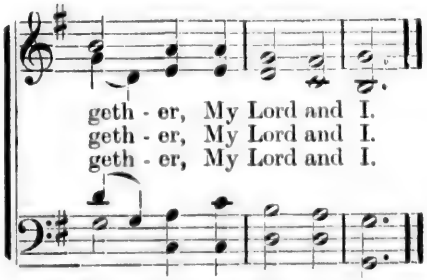
SUPPLEMENT.

51 MY LORD AND I.

HUGUENOTS' HYMN, 300 YEARS AGO. J. M. WHYTE.





4 He knows how much I love him,
He knows I love him well,
But with what love he loveth me
My tongue can never tell:
It is an everlasting love,
In ever rich supply;
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

5 He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so he bids me go and speak
The loving word for him;
He bids me tell his wondrous love,
And why he came to die;
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

6 I have his yoke upon me,
And easy 'tis to wear,
And in the burden which he bears
I gladly take a share,
For then it is my happiness
To have him always nigh;
We bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

DOES IT PAY?

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. There's a business in our country holding large and rich estates,
2. Does it pay to run a thrasher in a farm-ing neighborhood,
3. When a man is spending more than all his wa-ges drinking beer,

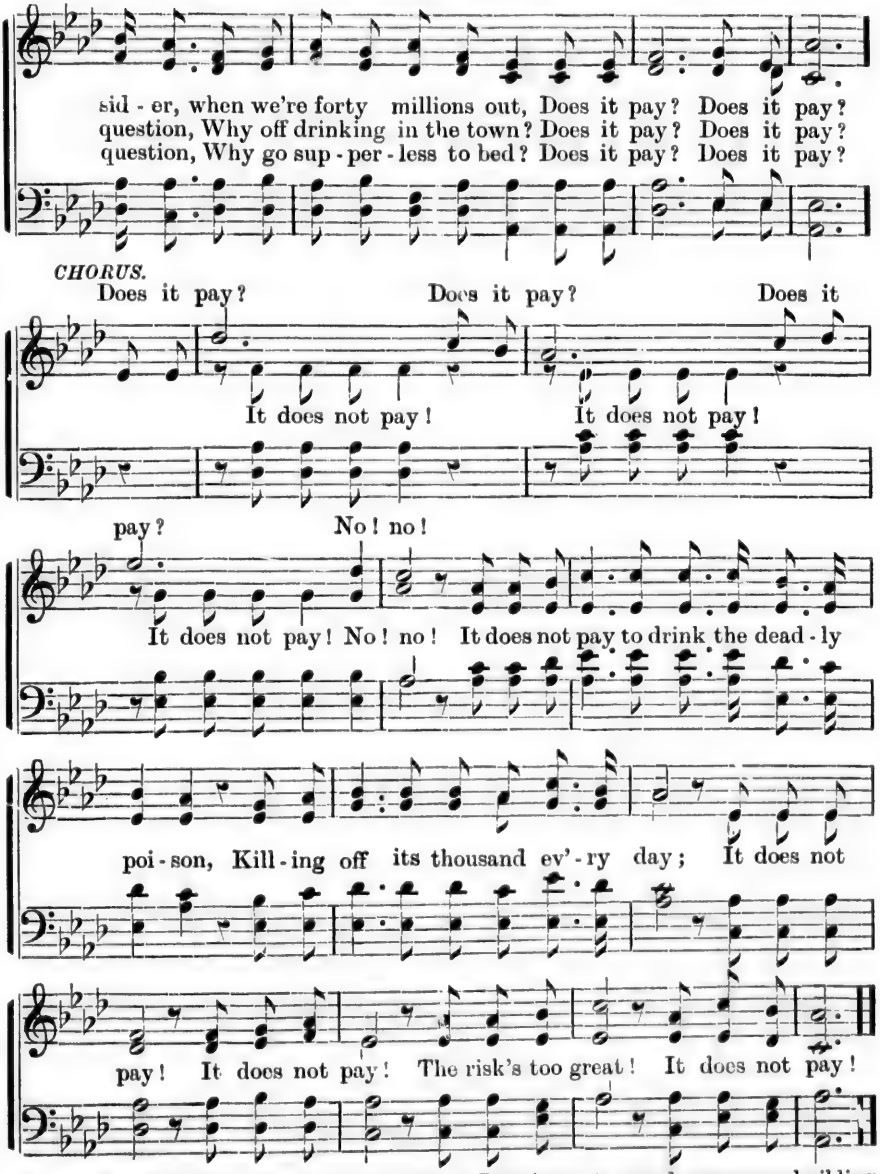
Does it pay? Does it pay? And it prospers in proportion to the
Does it pay? Does it pay? Where the wheat is mostly thistles and the
Does it pay? Does it pay? And is rendered more in-cap-a-ble for

pau-per-ism rates, Does it pay? Does it pay? When it pours ten mil-
bar-ley not as good, Does it pay? Does it pay? When the farms have been
business year by year, Does it pay? Does it pay? When the children in

lion dollars down the gov-ern-ment-al spout And then from the people's
neg-lect-ed till the buildings tumble down, And the men who ought to
his household, poorly clad and full of dread, Crouch and shiver at his

hop-per takes its fif-ty millions out, 'Tis a question to con-
till them are off drinking in the town, It makes per-ti-nent the
com-ing and go sup-per-less to bed, It is time to ask the

DOES IT PAY?—*Continued.*



4 Does it pay to drive a horse that always wants to run away?
Does it pay? Does it pay?
And will soon or late your mangled body in the gutter lay?
Does it pay? Does it pay?
Tho' you think, young man, you've got the demon Drink 'neath your control,
He will seize the bit and drive you to the ruin of your soul.
Stop and ask yourself the question, Why this ruin of your soul?
Does it pay? Does it pay?

5 Does it pay to spend our money building life boats by the score,
Does it pay? Does it pay?
Just to run and pick up those we've rescued many times before?
Does it pay? Does it pay?
When the demon on your vessel, with his deadly cups of sin,
Pitches overboard these wretches faster than we haul them in?
Why this awful devastation by these deadly cups of sin?
Does it pay? Does it pay?

THE PLEBISCITE VERDICT.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. Ye friends of tem - per - ance, rejoice, The ple - bis - cite is end - ed
2. Our en - e - mies look toward Quebec To gain their lost po - si - tion,
3. But let them lift their gaze beyond, From sea to sea ex-tend-ing,
4. If I were on the oth - er side, A - mong the an - tis seat - ed,
5. The counties in ma - jor - i - ty All ov - er this Do - min - ion

And we are on the winning side, The side that God de - fend - ed;
One sol - i - ta - ry banner floats Down there 'gainst pro-hi - bi - tion;
Nine flags float out with colors bright, For pro - hi - bi - tion blend - ing,
With for - ty thousand votes behind, I'd say we were de - feat - ed;
The Prov - in - ces, by nine to one, Are of the same o - pin - ion;

Our foes declare they will not yield, At which we do not mur - mur,
No lonesome flut - ter of that flag Their stern defeat can sof - ten,
And one God's sunshine tints the best, I love to gaze up - on it,
They see their hope for gain is gone, There is no use de - ny - ing,
The ag - gre - gate ma - jor - i - ty, For pro - hi - bi - tion plead - ing,

f *Fine.*

But lift our standard high - er yet, And grasp our weapons firm - er.
'Tis but a sym - pa - thiz - ing tear Let fall up - on their cof - fin.
It is thy flag, On - ta - ri - o, With for - ty thousand on it.
In fact the question now is this: How can they keep from dying?
Piled up the votes against all odds, On ev - 'ry count we're lead - ing.

D.S.—And ev - 'ry time a bat - tle ends Our foes re - treat be - fore us.

THE PLEBISCITE VERDICT—*Continued.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*

We're marching on to vic - to - ry, God's ban - ner floating o'er us,

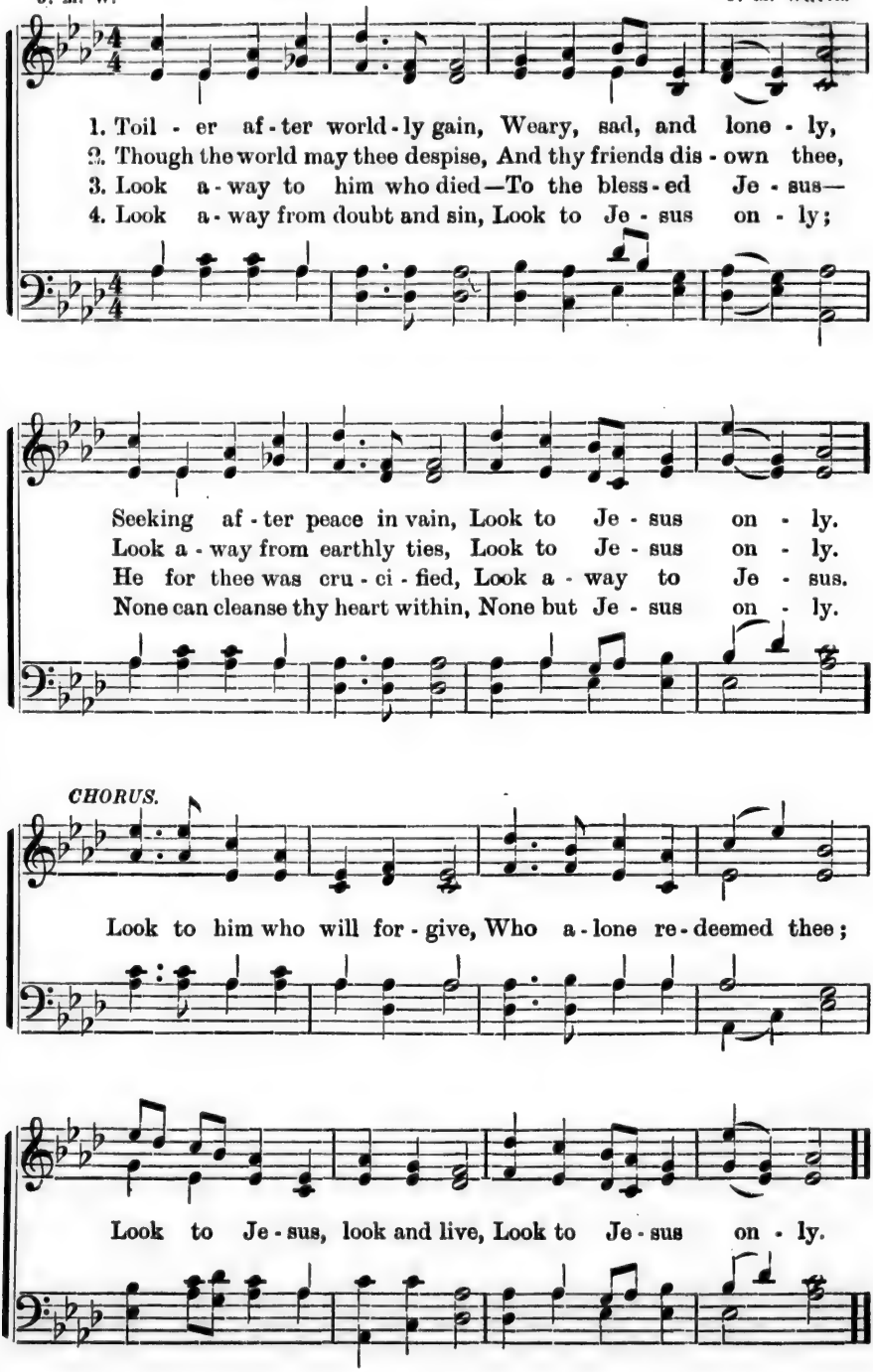
54 HOUR BY HOUR.

JANE MACGREGOR. J. M. WHYTE.

1. Je - sus, help me live for thee, Hour by hour; Let thy love be felt in me, Hour by hour; Guide me ev - er with thine eye; Let not sin within me lie; Others trust thee, why not I? Hour by hour.
2. May my pray'r ascend to thee, Hour by hour; Seeking strength my way to see, Hour by hour; Give me faith and clearer sight; Show me that thy way is right; Father, lead me in thy light, Hour by hour.
3. In thy goodness I will trust, Hour by hour; I will prove thee faithful, just, Hour by hour; All thy pleasure, all thy will, Lord in me do thou ful - fil; So I'll trust thee—lead me still, Hour by hour.

LOOK TO JESUS ONLY.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.



THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Where are the friends that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, long a-
2. Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head, Long, long a - go, long a-
3. Now I look back on the days of my youth, Long, long a - go, long a-

go? Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer, Long, long a-
go; Oh! how I wept when I found she was dead, Long, long a-
go, I was no stranger to vir - tue and truth, Long, long a-

go, long a - go? Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low;
go, long a - go; She was an an - gel, my love and my guide,
go, long a - go; Oh! for the hopes that were pure as the day;

Hopes that I cherished are fled from me now; I am de-
Vain - ly to save me from ru - in she tried; Poor broken
Oh! for the love that was pur - er than they; Oh! for the

grad - ed, for rum was my foe, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
heart, it was well that she died, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
hours that I squandered a - way, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

HON. DAVID MILLS, Q.C. J. M. WHYTE.

1. Could I but touch the hem of his garment, My heart to itself seems to say, The tri-als and the crosses that pain me Would all at that touch pass a-way.
2. When in my heart I bear untold sorrow, Which comes in my sick soul to dwell, Could I but touch the hem of his garment, That touch would my sor-row dis-pel. In the fringe of his garment there is health, there is health, There's a cure for my soul that is so ill, so ill, If that fringe I but touch with my fin - - - - gers, The storms of my heart shall be still.
3. The shadows shall depart from before me, Life's desert shall have its pure spring; And birds of song that warbled in E-den, Again, in my glad heart shall sing.

CHORUS.

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9